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DUTY
OR
LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

AN
Historical Drama

OF THE DAYS OF

The Stuart Insurrection of 1745.

BY CHARLES M. CAUGHY,

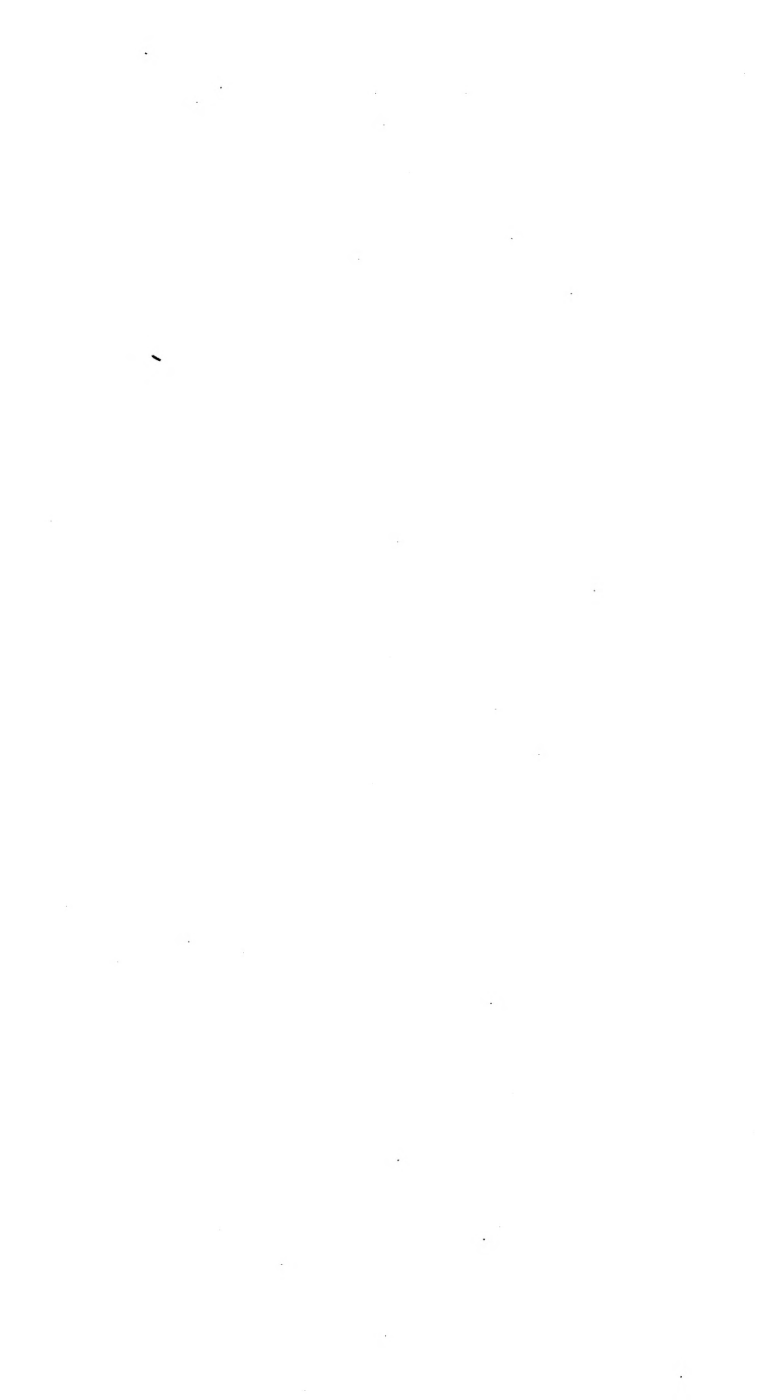
OF BALTIMORE.

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182 BALTIMORE STREET.

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D U T Y

O R

L O V E A N D J E A L O U S Y .

T I M E O F T H E P L A Y — 1 7 4 5 .

Dramatis Personæ.

LEWIS MURRAY, Earl of Strathroy.

SIR MALCOLM OLIPHANT. }
SERGEANT COUPLAND. }

DR. FAIRLIE.

COLONEL STRANG.

General Kerr.

Captain Lawrence Spence.

Neil Johnstone.

Sergeant Ryan.

Corporal Hodge.

Guard on board ship "Tiger."

"Willie-want-a-bit."

Geordie.

LADY MARGARET OLIPHANT. }
MRS. MALCOLM. }
MAGGIE, A Scotch Lass. }

Agnes Murray.

Mrs. McNeil.

Tenantry, Soldiers, Servants, &c., &c.

Scene of Play—Scotland.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Hall of the Castle of Elvanlee. Suits of ancestral armor hanging round the walls. On a pedestal at each side a complete suit of Knight's armor, with visor down, and a long spear grasped in the mailed hand. The windows are small. Door in C. F. practical. On the right is a large fire-place with fire. The room is richly furnished in more modern designs than the general surroundings. As the scene opens SIR MALCOLM OLIPHANT, DR. FAIRLIE, SERGEANT RYAN and NEIL JOHNSTONE, discovered. DR. FAIRLIE at window, R.*

Ryan. (Delivering dispatches.) From the Lord President, your Honor

Sir Mal. 'Tis well. *(Reading.)* Johnstone, have a horse saddled and see the messenger well bestowed.

(Exeunt JOHNSTONE and RYAN, L. 1 E.)

Dr. Fair. Well, what says our friend, President Forbes?

Sir Mal. (Sighing.) The dispatches are of the highest importance. The Chevalier's standard has been raised at Glenfinnan. The clans are flocking round it, and have already succeeded in capturing a detachment of the Inverness garrison. Gen. Cope marched northward a week ago; and I am directed to follow him with what men I can muster.

Dr. Fair. (Tapping his snuff-box.) That sounds serious.

Sir Mal. Fairlie, it sounds to me like the doom of my happiness.

Dr. Fair. Hoots! nonsense, man. Because you have to separate before your honey-moon has lost its glamour; so much the better for your notion of a honey-moon. But what then? You'll be home again, and enjoy a second one for the valiant service you have done your country, in driving these highland fanatics back to their mountains.

Sir Mal. You forget, Doctor, how awkwardly I am placed. The man who unfurled the Pretender's Standard, and who is loudest in proclaiming the Stuarts' right to the throne, *is my wife's father—Strathroy.*

Dr. Fair. The ould fire-eater! He was out in "15," and was luckier than some of his comrades in getting off with his head.

Sir Mal. His devotion to the cause of the Stuarts; his mad enthusiasm will only be satisfied in death.

Dr. Fair. Well, you can't help *that*.

Sir Mal. Nay, but I suffer for it all the same. You know how he scoffed me for my adhesion to the Government. You know with what vengeance he menaced Margaret, when he learned that her love for me had proven more potent than her fear of his commands, and that she had become my wife. But all that did not make her love him less; and the thought that his fanaticism caused her to disobey him pains her to the heart.

Dr. Fair. You prove yourself worthy of her, and she will have the less to regret. (*Using snuff.*)

Sir Mal. Ay, but now when she hears that the Chevalier's friends have risen; when she is told that her father stands, sword in hand, on one side, and her husband on the other—Oh! man, think what torture, what agony she will endure every moment this hideous strife continues. Oh! would to heaven there were any honest means by which I could shun this duty that is thrust upon me.

Dr. Fair. That's nae possible; and I would warn you to take heed how you speak of this business. Remember you are married to the daughter of Strathroy, the Jacobite, and your ancestors have belonged to the Jacobite side; these are reasons enough for suspecting you are tarred with the same stick. That is why Forbes has been in such haste to compromise you by engaging you at the outset in active service for the house of Hanover.

Sir Mal. And that is another reason for my desire to avoid the service. My father, and his fathers, since ever the Oliphants of Elvanlee have held a place in Scotland, have given their best blood for the Stuarts' cause. The past makes me seem in my own eyes—ay, in the eyes of others—a renegade. The past makes me think of Charles Edward with respect and affection, and even now, if I could save him one moment of the pain and disappointment to which I see him advancing, I would gladly give him my life and fortune.

Dr. Fair. This is treason!

Sir Mal. Peace, man, and hear me out. I would give all I possess to help the Chevalier, but the result of his invasion will be a reckless waste of human life, a reckless shower of misery upon our poor country, which must end in his degraded flight or wretched death. The sooner he is satisfied that this is the inevitable climax, the less harm he will do; for I believe him to be an honest gentleman, who would not ruthlessly sacrifice those who love him. Therefore, with a sad heart, I am for King George.

Dr. Fair. For heaven's sake, man, see that you never speak in this fashion again. I hope nobody else heard you enow. It would be enough to condemn you to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, not to speak of the confiscation of all your estates.

Sir Mal. Have no fear on that score. To *you* I can speak freely. To all others I am silent. But enough of that. I have a task for you. Margaret has not yet been told how I am placed, but it would be cruelty to conceal it from her—

Dr. Fair. Quite correct. You had better tell her immediately. (*Starts to go.*)

Sir Mal. Stop. I want *you* to help me, by breaking to her the news of our departure.

Dr. Fair. Me! I could nae do it.

Sir Mal. You must, Doctor. What I have to say, will disturb her less, when she has obtained some knowledge of my position from you. I charge you, on your friendship, aid me to make this blow fall as lightly upon her as may be.

Dr. Fair. Is there anything particularly soft about my head or body? because you seem to think I was made for no other purpose than to be a trumpeter of ill-news, and it's a nasty job.

Sir Mal. Nay, Fairlie, for my sake go and break the news to her while I bestow these papers in the Library.

(Enters Library, c. F.)

(Enter VILLAGERS, and STRATHROY disguised, R. 1 E.)

Mrs. McNeil. *(To DR. FAIRLIE, who is about to go out.)* Oh! Doctor my Geordie, my laddie has wandered amang the wild brutes of horses tethered on the hillside. Will naeboddy save my bairn? *(MARGARET appears passing the window, leading the child by the hand, and enters the room, L. 2 E.)*

Mar. Yes; here he is safe and sound.

Mrs. McNeil. God be merciful to your Ladyship. Ye hae saved my bairn. *(Shouts from crowd.)*

Mar. There, there, friends; you are overloading me with gratitude. The child is unhurt, and so am I, and that is satisfaction enough for me. Go all of ye and drink the laddie's health; and you, Mistress McNeil, see that he never gets in such a scrape again.

Mrs. McNeil. I hope he'll never be in sic danger again, my Lady, unless it be to serve you, and may ye never be in need sic a service.

Mar. That is a sensible prayer, Mrs. McNeil. I hope it may be granted for your boy's sake as well as my own. *(To DR. FAIRLIE, who has been examining the child.)* Well, Doctor, is he hurt?

Dr. Fair. It's a miracle, but he has not been touched.

Mar. I thought so; for the poor horses, frightened as they were by the noise our friends were making, lifted every foot as daintily as they feared as much to hurt him, as we did that they would kill him. Come to me before you go home, and I will give you something to help Geordie remember this day.

Mrs. McNeil. Thanks, my Lady. Now, Geordie, haud your hands up, clasped that way, as when you say your prayers, and say wi a your heart: "Lord bless your Ladyship, and keep sorrow frae your door."

Geordie. *(All hands kneel reverently, with uncovered heads.)* "Lord bless your Ladyship, and keep sorrow frae your door."

Vill. Amen.

Mrs. McNeil. Now one more prayer, Geordie. "God bless King George." *(STRATHROY puts on his hat, stands covered and erect, while all the others kneel. "WILLIE-WANT-A-BIT" tears the hat from his head, which angers STRATHROY, but he recovers himself; gives him a shilling and takes his hat.)*

Geordie. "God bless King George."

Vill. Amen.

(Exeunt VILLAGERS, R. 1 E.)

Enter SIR MALCOLM from the Library, c. F., the door of which he fastens, but leaves the key in the lock. He carries his sword in his hand, but at the sight of MARGARET, he places it on the table, and advances to her.)

Sir Mal. What has been the stir in here? Ah, Madge, you have been in it.

Dr. Fair. Yes, and was likely to remain in it forever, at one time.

Sir Mal. What was it? You are both excited.

Mar. Oh! nothing, Malcolm.

Dr. Fair. Nothing? (*Using snuff-box.*) On my soul, Sir, it was a sight to make a cynic respect her Ladyship's sex. You shall have a true account of it frae me, Sir. Twenty furious horses——

Mar. (*Interrupting.*) Nay! flatterer, you shall not be permitted to make me blush for a single act of kindness. I'll tell Malcolm. Mrs. McNeil's boy wandered among the horses; I managed to drag him safely out of his predicament. That was all. There was no danger, at least I was not sensible of any; so there is no need to think of horrors that did not happen.

Sir Mal. It was rash in you, Madge. Rash as you always are where your heart tempts you to help or comfort another. Think, I might have lost *you*.

Mar. And that poor mother might have lost her bairn. My rashness is of small account balanced against her happiness. You, Doctor, would have done the same had you been there in time. Would you not?

Dr. Fair. (*Using snuff-box.*) Eh—well, maybe, maybe I might hae done it. There is no knowing what wonders a *man* might do. But I am quite sure I would not had I been a *woman*.

Mar. Fie, Doctor. You would think less of my act if you did not think so much of your own sex. You men are so selfish that you reserve all the grander virtues for yourselves. Courage, strength, endurance, fidelity even, you fancy reach their highest perfection in manhood; and we poor slaves, who are incapable of such noble impulses, must stand by, and raise our eyes in all humility to the great creatures whose nobility we must admire, but may not emulate.

Dr. Fair. I never said that.

Mar. Confess now, Doctor, and you too Malcolm, that you believe it is *only men* who can be heroic. But let me tell you, a faithful woman's life is in itself heroic. You keep to yourselves all opportunities, all the work in the doing of which heroes are made, and then you think us disqualified because we do not keep pace with you. Yet I would lay my life there are more men made heroes by a circumstance, than there are *women* who are not heroines, although *they* lack your opportunities. The one happens to get his light placed atop a powder barrel, and the powder does the rest; the other has her light hid from the world by the four walls of home. .

Sir Mal. Doctor answer that. I wont try.

Dr. Fair. (*Offering snuff-box.*) Madame, I surrender my sword, and henceforth, on your authority, shall look upon every woman as a hero.

Mar. (*Laughingly.*) Beaten.

Dr. Fair. Crushed, and not able to wag a finger in my own defence.

Mar. Then, Sir, you shall be sentenced to marriage within a year.

Dr. Fair. (*Horried.*) Mercy, no! Have some pity, or I shall die in the anticipation. At least wait till we get out of this cursed rebel——(*interrupted by a quick sign from SIR MALCOLM.*) But I must leave you. There is a patient below waiting me.

(*Exit DR. FAIRLIE, bowing, L. 2 E.*)

Sir Mal. (*Taking her hand.*) You should have been a man, Madge.

Mar. (*Sharply*) I am content to be a woman, Malcolm, for your sake.

Sir Mal. Thank heaven you are so. Ah, wife, there are moments when the ardor of our wooing days, intensified by the knowledge that you are all my own now, makes me feel as if I could almost sacrifice *honor* for your sake.

Mar. What a droll notion! Sacrifice honor for my sake? Why then you would sacrifice me too; for I think, Malcolm, the husband's honor is the wife's safeguard.

Sir Mal. You are right, Madge, you are right.

Mar. You are in one of your melancholy humors to-day, which have been so frequent of late, that I have begun to fancy—(*pauses.*)

Sir Mal. Fancy what, Madge?

Mar. Shall I tell you? Well they have made me fancy that our honey-moon was drawing to a close, and that we were beginning to settle down into the sober common place of wedded life—when the wife becomes a sort of superior housekeeper, and her lord grows too busy with the grave details of his affairs to spend one-half hour in the interchange of the little nothings which make a lover's days so short and happy.

Sir Mal. (*Quickly.*) You are mistaken, Madge, our honey-moon shall never end.

Mar. (*Laughingly.*) There spoke the lover and not the staid-minded husband. But I'll punish you, Sir, by holding you to your word, (*placing a chair for him, and a stool for herself,*) and I'll at once assume the authority which a woman possesses before she has spoken the fatal "yes," with which she abdicates the throne of love, and becomes one of its humblest slaves. So sit you there (*he obeys*) and I'll sit here. That is right. Now I feel myself a person of some importance while I am looking in your face, and reading there—

Sir Mal. That I love you, Madge.

Mar. (*Kissing him.*) No Sir, but I read there that you know how much another person cares for you. Oh! Malcolm, tell me what is the meaning of the moody fits that so trouble you of late? What is the meaning of your repeated visits to Edinburgh; of the couriers constantly passing to and fro? And last of all, what is the meaning of the sudden gathering of the tenantry, and the turning out of all the old armor that has been rusting since the sad rising of "15?" (*Excitedly.*) Answer me, why is it, how is it and what is it?

Sir Mal. (*Aside*) The crisis has come at last. I am going to startle you, Madge; I am going to leave you. (*Rises.*)

Mar. Leave me? (*Rising.*)

Sir Mal. Ay, but only for a little while, I trust. I have been like a coward trying to hide it from you, but you must learn it now.

Mar. Where are you going, and why may I not go with you?

Sir Mal. To war. The Chevalier has raised his standard in the North; he is supported by a few fanatical chiefs and their followers, and I am commanded to march, with what forces I can muster, to join Gen. Cope.

Mar. Ah! (*Abruptly*) And you obey?

Sir Mal. I must. There is no alternative save obedience or dishonor. Do you blame me?

Mar. No; I dare not blame you; but, Oh! Malcolm, remember in what traditions I have been educated. The right of the Stuarts was the faith of my fathers—ay, of yours. The misfortunes of the Stuarts were theirs also. They followed the Stuarts for good or ill, with loyal and unflinching fidelity; they suffered with them, they died for them. Remember that, and you will not be angry with me, if for a moment my heart is oppressed with the thought that this strife is an unhallowed one.

Sir Mal. (Sadly.) My allegiance is pledged to the King. My honor is at stake, and even were it otherwise, I know this mad rising is only the last faint glimmer of a setting sun. When the darkness falls the too faithful adherents of the Stuarts' cause will be homeless exiles, or mangled corpses on a bloody field. Widowed mothers, and fatherless bairns will be crying piteously for the shelter and bread which has been cruelly torn from them in the vain effort to maintain a hopeless cause. Let us save as many of them as we can.

Mar. Forgive me, Malcolm, I did not mean to question the justice of your cause. I know it must be wise and just, since you have chosen it. But the danger——

Sir Mal. You must not think of it. You must forget every thing save to be happy.

Mar. I can forget every thing when you are near me. Forget even that you are the enemy of the cause for which my brother died, and to which my father has devoted his life and fortune. Serve what cause you will, I am your wife, Malcolm, and your faith shall be mine; your hopes, your aspirations, aye your crimes, I will share them all.

Sir Mal. You give me strength, wife, and courage. But there must be no more regrets, no more tears.

Mar. None; (*wiping her eyes*;) that is all over now. I am the soldier's wife, ready to look calmly in the face of death. You shall see how resolute I can be, for (*buckling his sword around him*) with my own hand will I buckle on your sword.

Sir Mal. That is bravely done, Margaret. You will think of me when I am away?

Mar. Ay, Malcolm, very often.

Sir Mal. Oh wife! wife! mine is a jealous love. You are so precious to me that I am like a miser; I fear to let others see my treasure lest they rob me of it. I am selfish too, and grudge every smile that is not given to me. While away from you, I shall envy the stars because they may look on you; I shall envy the sun, because his light shines on you. This is weak and I know it; but you are so dear to me I seem to have no strength that is not inspired by your presence. Within the last few days, somehow, my love has made a coward of me, and, like a child in the dark, the vague shadows of my own vague fears frighten me.

Mar. (Kissing him.) I like to hear you talk that way, Malcolm; but we have changed places within the last few minutes. It is you who are weak now, and I am strong.

Sir Mal. There is something else, Madge——

Mar. Well?

Sir Mal. There is something Fairlie has to tell you. I'll send him up. *Be sure you do not let any one enter the library. I will be with you in half an hour. (MARGARET throws herself in chair near table, and appears to be in deep reverie. SIR MALCOLM turns to leave, when he encounters FAIRLIE, L. 2 E.)* Ah, here is the Doctor. I've met you most opportunely. Be gentle with her, Doctor, for pity's sake. *(Exit SIR MALCOLM, L. 2 E.)*

Dr. Fair. *(Taking snuff.)* Gentle, humph! The heart's a delicate piece of anatomy to operate on. She looks bad eno' as it is. Confound him, why did he not tell her the whole affair at once, and not make two bites of a d——d sour cherry. *(Advances a little, halts, helps himself to a pinch of snuff.)* I suppose he expects me to soften the effect, while he escapes her appeal to him to shun the whole business. I am to approach her with this bludgeon of news in one hand, and a bolus in the other, saying, "Madame, my compliments. I've come to knock you down with this, and set you up again with that." *(Advancing and looking steadily towards her.)* I can't do it, I won't do it, and I'll go and tell him so. *(As he is about to go out, MARGARET hears him.)*

Mar. Dr. Fairlie, Elvanlee said you had something to tell me.

Dr. Fair. Ahem—well, yes—there was a matter I wanted—that is he wanted—but, give me your hand. *(Feeling her pulse.)* Galloping like a wild colt, fever imminent. Body o'me, it's dangerous to say a word.

Mar. Doctor, *speaking*; whatever you have to say cannot be worse than the dread of the calamity with which your hesitation overwhelms me.

Dr. Fair. *(Using snuff box.)* Madame, I can sugar my pills, but cannot sugar my words. Still, pills and words come to the same effect in the end, whether sugared or not. But you'll promise to bear it like a man—I mean like a woman who is fit to be a hero?

Mar. Yes—yes—anything; only spare me this suspense.

Dr. Fair. Then make ready—present—fire! Your father is out with the Chevalier, and it was he who raised the standard at Glenfinnan. *(MARGARET gives a faint cry and staggers in his arms.)* There, you are going to faint. Remember every woman is a hero. Shall I fetch your salts?

Mar. There, I am better. Thank you. What was it you said? My father out with the Chevalier? Oh! Doctor, this will be a cruel war. I see the horror of it all; my father here, my husband there, they will meet; there will be no time for any thought of me—and oh, merciful heaven, *my hands girt on the sword that will be turned against my father's breast. (Paces up and down excitedly.)*

Dr. Fair. What in the name of Æsculapius shall I say to comfort her. *(Nervously using his snuff-box.)* You exaggerate. You alarm yourself needlessly. The chances are that they will never meet, and if they do—I'll undertake they'll both run away; or d——n it, I'll make them swallow my medicine chest, instruments and all.

Mar. They must not meet; it is an unnatural strife, and no man is degraded who flees it. There is yet time for Malcolm to escape to Holland; there he will be safe from this hateful struggle. Summon

him to me, Doctor, and you will add your counsel to my prayers. Call him to me quick! quick!

Dr. Fair. Yes, yes; but I cannot leave you in this excited state. (*Goes to the window, L. C., and looks out.*) I don't see Elvanlee, but yonder is Neil. I have beckoned to him. He will find him.

(*Enter NEIL JOHNSTONE, L. 1 E., and behind him STRATHROY, disguised as a gaberlunzie, with a slouching gait and restless, watching eyes. DR. FAIRLIE observes him.*)

Dr. Fair. Well, my man, what are you doing here?

Strath. Ye made a sign, maister, and I thought ye wanted somebody.

Dr. Fair. So I did; but not you. So go down to the court; you will find every thing you need there. (*Turns his back on him, and STRATHROY, instead of going out, shuffles over to the mantle piece near MARGARET.*) Run for your Master, Neil, and tell him her Ladyship desires to speak with him instantly. (*Exit JOHNSTONE, L. 1 E. DR. FAIRLIE seeing STRATHROY has not left the room*) Now, sir, you can go. I've told you we don't want you.

Strath. (*Warming his hands at the fire.*) Ay, Maister, soon agoing. (*A shout in the yard attracts FAIRLIE's attention to the window. STRATHROY bends quickly over, and says in a low tone to MARGARET:*) "Get him out of the way, I must speak to you alone." (*This startles MARGARET, who hardly suppresses a scream when FAIRLIE turns from window*)

Dr. Fair. It is Elvanlee addressing the folk; I believe there is not one among them who would not die for him.

Mar. Will you go and bring him to me, Doctor?

Dr. Fair. At your pleasure, Madame. (*To STRATHROY.*) Eh—what? You not gone yet? On my soul, sir, you are the most obstinate bluegown I have ever seen. Come, right about face—march. (*STRATHROY starts towards the door, L, steadily watching MARGARET.*)

Mar. I—I have a message for this man, Doctor. Let him stay.

Dr. Fair. Oh, if he's part of the establishment, that's all right; but (*taking snuff*) I'm not altogether sure he's an ornament to it. However you know him, and that's enough. (*Exit FAIRLIE, L. 2 E., eying STRATHROY suspiciously. As soon as he passes out, STRATHROY springs forward, closes and bars the door, and then throws off his disguise.*)

Mar. Father! what madness, what reckless disregard of your own safety has prompted you to visit this place?

Strath. (*Harshly.*) I have come to see my daughter, and find she gives my first visit a poor welcome.

Mar. What welcome can I give you here, now, and at this time, until I know whether you are come as friend or foe?

Strath. I come as the friend of all true men and women. I come as the implacable foe of all knaves and traitors who would take arms for the usurping house of Hanover against their lawful King, James Stewart.

Mar. Hush! hush! do not speak so loud, since you come as my husband's foe—and mine.

Strath. I am sorry for that.

Mar. You do not speak as if you cared. Oh, are men turned to demons! Is there no longer any pity or mercy in the world, that the dear ties of kindred, which should give happiness, are changed to whips that scourge most fierce the fondest hearts.

Strath. The whips are made by those they lash.

Mar. Am I to blame for your position now? Be merciful to me, father. In your exile I was faithful to you; through long years of privation I tried to soothe your sorrow; from my childhood all my thoughts were given to you and my sister—

Strath. Until Malcolm Oliphant of Elvanlee came, and then you forgot every thing else—duty to me, and respect for those principles of loyalty which are dearer to me than life.

Mar. There is a greater loyalty, father, than that we owe to kings—the loyalty we give to those we love. But you first brought Malcolm to our house, and you consented to our marriage. It was not until he refused to join a conspiracy against the government of his country, that you forbade our union. Your demand came too late, and we disobeyed it. For that one act of disobedience am I not cruelly punished? You stand opposed to Malcolm in the fiercest enmity, and the effect of all your wrath and all his hate fall upon me, who stands between you, helpless, yet loving both.

Strath. It would have been otherwise had Oliphant been true to the faith of his fathers.

Mar. He is true to the interests of his country, believing it of less consequence who occupies the throne, than that the people should have peace. But, father, whether he is right or wrong, why should there be this bitterness between us? (*Throwing her arms around his neck.*) A little while ago, when I learned you were in the insurgent's ranks, I was about to implore Malcolm to desert the post which had been thrust upon him, lest evil fortune should bring you together in the strife. But now I turn to you first. (*Falling on her knees.*) You appeal to the justice of your cause; I appeal to your love, and in the name of the sacred memory of my mother I beseech you to desist from this struggle, and to remember only the links that should bind us together; let kings and governments fight as they may. (*STRATHROY has become so moved during this appeal that he sinks in a chair.*)

Strath. You spoke so like your mother, child, that I think you would have won my consent to anything but this.

Mar. And this is everything. It is *your* happiness and Malcolm's I desire.

Strath. (*Shaking his head.*) Happiness cannot be purchased at such a price. Desert the cause? (*MARGARET turns her face away from him, sighing.*) See how white these hairs have grown in his service. You see this scar? It was received in his service thirty years ago. I sacrificed for him, then, fortune, friends, home and every thing, yet I regret nothing. Can you expect me now to sympathize with those who hesitate to make the same sacrifice?

Mar. But times are changed father. No sacrifice now will serve your purpose.

Strath. We will put it to the test, come what may. I will never cease to *hope*. You remember your brother: my bonnie brave-hearted Frank? You know how I toiled to fit him for service *for the king*? How I devoted his life to it, so that when I was gone the work might be carried on by one as faithful as myself? He ventured from our exile, on a secret mission to England. He was seized by the usurper's spies, submitted to the mockery of a trial, and hanged like a *common felon*. When the tidings came to us, you saw no tears in my eyes, no grief in my face, and yet I *LOVED* him. He had died for the cause, and I was content. Were my faith now shaken, my heart would wither with the thought I had Frank's death to answer for. I dare not think of that.

Mar. Forget the past, father.

Strath. (*STRATHROY gazes vacantly and does not notice her interruption.*) Frank gone—Malcolm Oliphant appeared, and I hoped to find in him one who would replace my son in fidelity to the cause of our master. When that hope was dispelled, I spurned him from me even when your happiness was at stake. That too, I was prepared to sacrifice for the cause. There is no tie that I would not break, no deed I would not do, for the purpose to which I have devoted all I possess. Knowing *that*, you ask me to desert, to be fore-sworn! No; a life so full of sacrifice (*reverently lifting his hat*), for him, shall end, please heaven, in dying for the king.

Mar. Beware father, beware, if these words were heard a hundred swords would be lifted against you. Oh! is there no escape from this torture?

Strath. Yes, there is *one*, and it is chiefly for that reason I am here.

Mar. Tell me.

Strath. Leave this man who has proven himself unworthy of you. Leave him at once, without a word of parting. I will carry you and your sister Agnes to a place of safety, where you can abide the issue of events. Come, I offer you forgiveness and safety.

Mar. Leave Malcolm? Father, all the devotion you have shown, all the sacrifice you have given to your king, all that and *more* I owe to my husband. I will *not* leave him.

Strath. You are resolved?

Mar. As yourself. There is no power that can make me false to him.

Strath. So be it. I have spoken the last to you I shall ever speak as your father. Henceforth you and Oliphant are no more to me than the other treacherous rebels of the land.

Mar. Father—

Strath. Silence! You have chosen. Now where is Agnes? Summon her to me.

Mar. (*Going to door R. and calling.*) Agnes.

Strath. You have tempted her to tarry here with you when her place is with me. She has no bonds to keep her in the nest of traitors, and she shall not remain another day.

(*Enter AGNES, R. 2 E.*)

Agnes. Well Madge, what in the world does all this clatter in the court-yard mean? (*Seeing STRATHROY, but not recognizing him till he advances and speaks to her.*)

Strath. You have come to me, daughter, and I am grateful that you are left to me, the last of all, who once claimed kindred.

Agnes. (*Embracing him.*) You are here and safe! Then you have not joined the rising the Doctor was telling me about? (*Examining his dress.*) Why do you come here in this ridiculous dress?

Strath. You are mistaken, Agnes, I am not safe here: but I cannot explain every thing now. Get your cloak; you must leave with me instantly.

Agnes. Is Madge going?

Strath. No! she is no longer my daughter, no longer your sister. She abides with those with whom it would be degradation for us to associate.

Agnes. You are angry with her, father. You must not blame her too much. She could not help loving Elvanlee.

Strath. (*Continuing.*) Until I can give you a fitting home, I will place you with the other gentlewomen of our party, the wives and daughters of honest men.

Agnes. Then you are out with the Chevalier; and you want me to leave Madge here, all alone. Oh father, don't ask me to do that! I am better with her than with strangers, and she needs me. It would be cruel to desert her. (*Embracing MARGARET.*)

Strath. You too forsake me! The autumn has come; the leaves drop from the tree, while gaunt and bare it fronts the whistling blast. My son taken from me, my daughters desert me, and there is no creature kin to me I need regret parting with.

Agnes. (*Sobbing.*) No, no, we do not forsake you. (*About to throw her arms around him, but he repels her.*)

Strath. You see me now only a weak old man, whose heart tugs sorely for the affection that is denied him. But that is over! You see me now a man, erect and firm as in other days, remembering that all he loses is for his king. Farewell! had you been men, my own hand would have punished your treason. (*Sounds of a drum without, MARGARET springs to door and listens.*)

Agnes. How wildly you talk! Every word imperils your life.

Strath. (*Calmly.*) I am in a den of traitors, and I know my danger.

Mar. You must escape, sir; but you cannot go this way. I hear Elvanlee's foot upon the stairs, (*opening the door of the library,*) in here quick, till I can find an opportunity to set you free. (*She pushes STRATHROY in, locks the door, and takes the key out. Just as AGNES unbars the door, SIR MALCOLM enters, L. 2 E.*)

Sir Mal. You sent for me, Madge. I'll be at leisure presently. The men are in capital spirits, and I want to get them formed in soldier-like order before Colonel Strang arrives. (*Walks towards library door, and not seeing the key seems to be looking for it. In the meantime, AGNES starts at sound of the name, and says to him.*)

Agnes. Is it Colonel Henry Strang, you expect?

Sir Mal. (*Still searching.*) Yes! Have you met him?

Agnes. Yes. He was often at our house in Rome,—that was before you arrived.

Sir Mal. Then you will be glad to meet an old friend?

Agnes. No; for I do not like him.

Sir Mal. That's a pity. Where can the key be? I thought I left it in the lock.

Agnes. (*To MARGARET, who is so busy watching SIR MALCOLM that she does not heed her.*) Bid him beware of Strang. You know our father suspected him of betraying poor Frank. I suspect him still. He is a spiteful man, and because you repulsed him, he revenged himself on our brother. The malice may be turned against your husband. Bid him beware.

Mar. (*To MALCOLM.*) Can you not speak to me for a few moments, Malcolm?

Sir Mal. Wait only a quarter of an hour, and I will be free till the Colonel arrives. I must get the dispatches to give the order to march. But I cannot find the key. It is droll!

Agnes. (*As if surprised.*) I do not see it anywhere.

Mar. (*Impulsively.*) Oh, Malcolm, I believe I have it.

Sir Mal. I thank you, Madge. It was thoughtful of you to remove it; I ought to have done so myself. (*Exit to Library.* AGNES listens at door. MARGARET drops on sofa.)

Mar. Oh! why could I not confess all. The meeting I was striving to prevent has come, and I am helpless. I dare not wish for victory to either husband or father. (*To AGNES.*) Have you heard anything yet?

Agnes. No. They will remember us and stay their hands. (*Noise within as if a chair were upset.*)

Mar. Ah—Oh, my father is not coward enough to strike him down without the chance of defence. Why are they so quiet? This silence deafens me.

Agnes. The door of the ante-room is opening now.

Mar. Quick, tell me, who is there? I dare not look.

Agnes. It is Malcolm, unharmed; his sword is in its scabbard. (*As MALCOLM enters, MARGARET turns, and throws herself in his arms; his face is pale and AGNES gazes at him in horror.*)

Sir Mal. (*Huskily.*) What has occurred to alarm you Margaret?

Mar. Nothing, mere fancy. I will tell you by and by, and—why are you so pale? Why are you trembling?

Sir Mal. Some one has been in the library.

Mar. Have you seen anybody?

Sir Mal. No; but some miscreant has been there, and, Heaven help us, we are betrayed and ruined.

Mar. Ruined! What is it you mean?

Sir Mal. The dispatches forwarded to me by President Forbes, containing important matters, are gone.

Agnes. } Gone?
Mar. }

Sir Mal. Ay, stolen. And with so many circumstances to render the Government suspicious of my honesty, who will hesitate to say I have played the knave; since my neglect has placed within the Chevalier's hands the information of which he stands most in need, to enable him to outwit our forces and guide him safely to Holyrood?

Mar. They will not dare to accuse you of such baseness.

Sir Mal. Dare! They have the right, and they will use it. The dispatches should never have quitted my hands. I should have

guarded them as a jewel as precious as you are, Madge. But why count now what *should* have been done. They are gone! My life and honor are forfeit.

Mar. No one has passed through this chamber; the thief must be in the library still.

Sir Mal. No; the window is open. He has escaped that way.

Mar. But he cannot have quitted the tower. It is only a minute since he was here.

Sir Mal. "Since he was here?" Then you know the thief?

Mar. I do! I do!

Sir Mal. His name, and we may stay him yet.

Mar. My father.

Sir Mal. (*Excitedly.*) Strathroy! It was with your connivance, then?

Mar. I feared a meeting between you, and, to prevent it, concealed him in the library; but you cannot believe I knew what was there?

Sir Mal. No, no, wife! I do not doubt you. But he will carry the dispatches straight to the Chevalier, and my shame is complete, if we fail to arrest him. (*Ringing a hand-bell.*) How was he dressed?

Mar. As a gaberlunzie, with blue gown, badge, and wallet.

Enter NEIL JOHNSTONE, L. 1 E.

Sir Mal. (*To Neil.*) Has any one left the tower in the last half hour?

Neil. No a body, sir.

Sir Mal. Have you not seen a gaberlunzie, with badge and wallet?

Neil. Od! ay, sir, I was na counting him. He came to me awhile syne in the court, and showed me some papers that he telled me you bade him carry to Edinburgh post haste, and he wanted a horse.

Sir Mal. Did you give him one?

Neil. I thought, nae doubt, it was for him ye bade me git a horse saddled, so I gied him the brute that was standing ready. The auld chield mounted like a jockey, and went off in a gallop.

Sir Mal. How long ago?

Neil. I would na just say; but he will be five miles or mair on his road by this time. You need na be feared, Maister, the auld chield made a' the speed he could.

Sir Mal. Mount fifty men. We will pursue him unto the very ranks of the rebels, and—(*he pauses abruptly, on seeing the affrightened forms of MARGARET and AGNES.*) Wait, and I'll give you further orders. (*Sits at the table, and prepares to write.*) No, I could not do that. No; a thousand times rather my own shame, than to become her father's executioner. (*To NEIL.*) See the horses saddled, and wait instructions.

(*Exit NEIL, L. 1 E. SIR MALCOLM writes.*)

Mar. Have you resigned the thought of pursuit?

Sir Mal. Yes. (*Still writing.*)

Mar. Oh! Malcolm, this apparent neglect will only increase your danger.

Sir Mal. It will save him.

Mar. And destroy you.

Sir Mal. He is your father.

Mar. They will show you no mercy.

Sir Mal. The man who neglects a trust deserves none.

Mar. Oh! Malcolm, this must not be. There is one hope left. I will go to the President. I will seek the Elector of Hanover, himself. I will tell them that you are innocent; that it is your wife and *her father*, Lewis, the proscribed Earl of Strathroy, who alone are guilty. They may take *my* life; they may take *his*; but they shall not harm you, or cast suspicion on your truth.

Sir Mal. Useless, Madge, useless. (*Folding and sealing papers.*) Your confession would only involve your life and your father's in my fate.

Mar. But when I tell them *all*, they will not doubt.

Sir Mal. Doubt! These are days when men watch each other's lips, and count a bushel of lies to every grain of truth. (*Showing papers.*) There, there, my poor wife, I have adopted the only honorable means open to us.

Mar. What have you done?

Sir Mal. I have written to Forbes and General Gardiner, explaining to them that the dispatches have been stolen, without mentioning the name of the — your father. I have offered to make any atonement they may demand; and if they are the true men I take them for, they will not refuse to believe me honest.

Mar. Pray Heaven, that they are true men.

Sir Mal. Meanwhile, take courage, Madge, to face the worst. And you, Aggie—why you have not raised your head this half hour! Come, let me see you both smile; for a sweet smile, you know, carries half the burthen of misfortune.

Agnes. Oh, I am so frightened, Malcolm. (*Murmuring in the court yard which attracts MARGARET'S attention; while SIR MALCOLM says, in a low whisper, to AGNES:*)

Sir Mal. You must throw away your fears, for I have a charge to confide to you. I want you to promise that, whatever happens, you will keep near Madge, and try to help and comfort her.

Agnes. I promise, but don't speak so gloomily.

(*Enter NEIL JOHNSTONE, L. 1 E.*)

Neil. (*Announcing.*) Colonel Strang. (*At this name, the ladies start. COL. STRANG enters L. 1 E. with DR. FAIRLIE, followed by SERGEANT RYAN.*)

Sir Mal. (*Advancing.*) You are welcome, sir, to Elvanlee.

Col. Strang. I am proud to know one of his majesty's most devoted adherents.

Sir Mal. You will prove me so, sir. Permit me to present you to Lady Oliphant. (*MARGARET bows coldly.*)

Col. Strang. It is the renewal of an acquaintanceship that was highly esteemed by me.

Sir Mal. Ah! yes, I have just been told that you are old friends. Excuse me a moment. (*He goes to table, picks up papers, and seems to reflect during the following dialogue; then, as if with a sudden deter-*

mination, he advances to COL. STRANG. STRANG advances to MARGARET, as AGNES whispers to her.

Agnes. Beware of him. (*She turns to STRANG.*)

Col. Strang. (*To MARGARET, taking her hand.*) Has your ladyship informed Sir Malcolm Oliphant that I once sued in vain for the prize which he has won—your hand.

Margaret. (*Snatching her hand from him.*) The acquaintance was so slight, sir, that I did not think it of importance to remember. Shall I tell him now?

Col. Strang. Quite unnecessary. As you say, it is better forgotten. (*MARGARET leaves—draws DR. FAIRLIE aside, and seems to be telling him what has happened. As MALCOLM advances to COL. STRANG, AGNES perceives him, and makes a quick motion to prevent him; but before she can stay him, he breaks the seals, and places the letters in COL. STRANG's hands.*)

Sir Mal. Read this, Colonel Strang. As a friend, I desire your help and council in the awkward circumstances which that letter explains. (*STRANG reads, and a malicious smile passes over his face.*)

Col. Strang. The dispatches stolen! The thief escaped! This is bad news, sir. It is the most unhappy accident that could have befallen you. Have you no clue to the thief?

Sir Mal. I cannot answer that.

Col. Strang. Cannot answer! You know the penalty of your silence?

Sir Mal. I do—it is—death.

Mar. No! no!

Sir Mal. (*STRANG gives a low order to RYAN. Exit RYAN, L. 1 E.*) Silence, wife, remember!

Col. Strang. You force upon me a most disagreeable duty, but to fail in its discharge, would be to subject myself to suspicion of complicity in your crime.

Sir Mal. Crime!

Col. Strang. Your sword, sir. (*As he surrenders his sword, RYAN enters L. 1 E. with a file of soldiers, who surround MALCOLM.*)

Mar. (*Frantically.*) He is innocent! he is innocent! I know the criminal.

Col. Strang. His name? (*As MARGARET is about to give his name, SIR MALCOLM shouts to her.*)

Sir Mal. Margaret! (*MARGARET starts toward STRANG to reveal the name. MALCOLM checks her, seizing her arm. She turns, and faints into his arms, forming a picture.*)

TABLEAU.—CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*State cabin on board the "Tiger." Port hole in C. F. Table and two chairs, on one of which, MALCOLM is discovered leaning on the table.*

Sir Mal. (Solus.) Only a few more hours, and I will have paid the penalty of Strathroy's crime. Poor, poor, Madge! In this letter, which the Captain has promised to deliver to President Forbes, I have begged him to investigate my case, and clear the stigma from my name. I know he will do it, for he is an honorable man. For Madge's sake, I have held her father's name unspoken; but I pray Heaven, that, before he makes his peace with this world, he will clear my name from disgrace, and leave my memory an honor, and not a shame, to Scotland. But why have Madge and Fairlie not been to see me? Fairlie's honest face I saw every day during my long and tedious trial; but Madge, God help her, is crushed with grief. *(A noise without.)* Ah! a visitor—who can it be?

(Enter DR. FAIRLIE, L. 2 E, clothes soiled and ruffled, followed by a MARINE who guards the door.)

Sir Mal. Dr. Fairlie!

Dr. Fair. I am glad to see you, Elvanlee—I mean, I am sorry to see you here. But it appears you are counted a monstrous villain, that they won't allow me to see you privately, and this your last night in this world. *(Glancing at GUARD.)*

Sir Mal. I am glad to see you, Fairlie, on any conditions, *(grasping his hand,)* and I am not surprised at the restraint placed upon our meetings. It is part of an unaccountably rigorous system with which I have been treated from the beginning. I cannot guess the reason.

Dr. Fair. I can. That Colonel Strang is the reason.

Sir Mal. Is he here?

Dr. Fair. Yes; he is here to see the sentence of court-martial carried out. *(Irritably.)*

Sir Mal. But why should he wish me harm?

Dr. Fair. Don't know; but I suppose, as he wanted to marry Lady Oliphant before she became your wife, he has a fancy now to marry your widow.

Sir Mal. (Starting.) She never told me of that; but, hush, Doctor, you are vexed on my account, and angry with him. Forget him, and give me your news. Where is Madge?

Dr. Fair. (Taking snuff violently, and glancing at GUARD.) Yes, I was wrong to blame him, but he interfered with me when I came on board, and that put me out.

Sir Mal. Never mind him. Tell me of my wife.

Dr. Fair. She has gone to London, in the hope that an appeal to the lords regent may help you. I set out in search of Forbes; but finding I could not make certain of reaching him in time, I left Johnstone to continue the chase, and returned to Edinburgh.

Sir Mal. My poor wife! So eager was she to save me, that she has deprived me of the one solace I thought was left me—a last touch of her hand, a last look of her eyes. That would have given me strength, Doctor, to endure this cruel sentence to the end, and it is lost. Well, it is better so for her sake, poor lass—poor lass!

Dr. Fair. Confound it, Sir, how did we know or imagine that your trial was to be pushed forward with such da—I mean, disgraceful haste? It is altogether without precedent, Sir; and I'll undertake that, if order is ever restored to this unlucky country, those concerned in this business shall be called upon for a strict reckoning.

Sir Mal. That will not help me much.

Dr. Fair. Perhaps not; but it will be a satisfaction to your friends. Now, tell me, how do you feel? Are you prepared to be made a target of to-morrow?

Sir Mal. (*Aside.*) Is the man crazed? No, I am not prepared. The position seems like a dream in which I am conscious of dreaming. I cannot yet realize that this is my last night here; that to-morrow I must die.

Dr. Fair. (*Glancing at GUARD.*) Well, the sooner you realize it the better for you, as there is no hope.

Sir Mal. (*Dreamily.*) No hope!

Dr. Fair. None; on my arrival in Edinburgh, I hastened to General Hamilton, I complained, I protested, and I am afraid I swore; but he refused to delay the execution even for a day. He reminded me that your case was that of a spy——

Sir Mal. A spy?

Dr. Fair. Ay, but be quiet; he reminded me that spies were usually hung on the spot, and that unusual favor had been granted you, for three or four days had been devoted to your affair, and you were to be shot, instead of being hung like a common felon. The utmost he would grant was permission for me to spend two hours with you; (*drawing from his job an immense silver watch;*) forty-five minutes have already elapsed. That leaves us one hour and fifteen minutes. Sergeant, here's a gold-piece; can you find a bottle of wine for us? (*Instead of taking the money, the GUARD calls out:* "A bottle of wine for prisoner.") D—n the fellow, he can't be bribed. It's better to be merry than miserable. We will be merry for one hour, and serious for fifteen minutes. I'm going to tell you a story to beguile the time.

Sir Mal. A story! I would rather you would allow me time to explain my last wishes to you for the arrangement of my affairs.

Dr. Fair. (*Looking hard at him.*) I have left a quarter of an hour for that. (*Places his watch on table between them.*) I am going to tell you a story; it will interest you, and be more entertaining to our friend, the Sergeant. It is better to be merry than miserable, I say, and

(*Enter BOY with wine and exit, L. 2 E.*)

here is something to help us. (*FAIRLIE pours out a glassful, offers it to GUARD, who hesitates, but accepts before FAIRLIE sits it down.*)

Sir Mal. (Aside.) There is certainly more meant than said by this man, eccentric as he is. Yes, Fairlie, go on; I will listen to your story with all attention.

Dr. Fair. (To GUARD.) That's right; never throw away any of the mercies of this world; take all, and be thankful. *(Drinking.)* Your health, sir, and yours, Elvanlee. Now we are comfortable, and for the next fifty minutes I am going to try and make you forget to-morrow. *(His hand rests on table, and, as if by accident, his finger points to the figure XII.)* What was I going to tell you? Oh! I remember; it was about a cousin of mine by the name of John Coupland; *(looking at MALCOLM;)* and by the way, Malcolm, he did not look unlike you; in fact, I believe his own friends could hardly distinguish you. Well, as I was going to say, he married young, and without a penny, poor devil, and he suffered for it; and his wife suffered too. They were desperately fond of each other, though, and that made amends for much of the trouble they had to endure. I believe they would have repeated the blunder, if they had the chance, in spite of the vexations experience their two years of married life afforded them. *(Takes snuff, and glances at GUARD.)* I do not know how you came to enter his Majesty's service—and here's his health in the captain's Burgundy—but my cousin was pressed into it. What made the circumstance most painful was, that at the time his wife lay dying, as he thought, among strangers, and without a penny to buy food or procure help. That made a bad soldier out of him, as you may understand, and within a week after he had been drafted on board his Majesty's ship "Hercules," he had made three attempts to desert, and had stirred up half a dozen fools like himself to mutiny.

Guard. (Shaking his head.) That's always a bad game.

Dr. Fair. Always a bad game. Sergeant, would you open that half-port. This place is stifling, and I believe in plenty of fresh air—that's my chief objection to hanging, it interferes with respiration. *(GUARD opens port, C. F.)* Thank you. Well, for the first offence he was pardoned; for the second he received four dozen with the cat; and for the third he was condemned to be strung at the yard-arm. Then the fool became sensible that it was no use fighting single-handed against his Majesty's forces, so he resigned himself to his fate. He became quite calm and indifferent to life; he gave no trouble to any one; but whenever he thought of his wife he writhed with fury and regret. But quiet as he appeared, he was far from tamed yet. The thought of the poor creature lying helpless rendered him desperate. He knew the next day he would be made a scare-crow for all the dissatisfied spirits on board. There was not the slightest chance of mercy being shown him, and *(looking steadily at MALCOLM)* what do you think was the wild notion that entered his head, as he lay in darkness heavily ironed?

Sir Mal. What?

Dr. Fair. Why, he determined to escape.

Sir Mal. Escape? *(Aside.)* What does he mean?

Dr. Fair. Ay, escape, even though he should live under an assumed name ever after.

Guard. I've seen some try that, but they always got the worst of it. What could one poor devil do on board ship against so many?

Dr. Fair. Just that, Sergeant. What could he do? He could attempt what none but desperate men will attempt—to over come the impossible.

Guard. Ay, sir, and how did he set about it?

Dr. Fair. I am going to tell you. He had no friends on board with whom he could arrange a plan of escape; and even if a friend had come aboard, the prisoner would not have been allowed five minutes private conversation, (*looking steadily at ELVANLEE, while apparently talking to GUARD,*) and, to make matters worse, the “Hercules” was at sea, out of sight of land, so that there was no chance of a friend reaching him.

Sir Mal. And did he try in spite of that?

Dr. Fair. He did, and carried the attempt farther than you would have thought possible. His first object was to gain the deck, for the crib in which he was confined had no outlet, not even a *port-hole*, save the door. (*Fixing his eyes on port, and pointing to figure XII on watch.*)

Sir Mal. (Aside.) What does he mean? Ever since he commenced this strange story, his finger has pointed, time and again, to the figure twelve. Whatever he means, I’ll fathom it.

Dr. Fair. (Taking snuff.) His appearance of resignation was of service to him now. He begged the commander, as a last favor, to be allowed to walk on deck for half an hour the night before his execution. The commander was not a hard hearted man, and when the request was carried to him, he granted it. The next difficulty Coupland had to encounter was to remove his irons. (*Looking significantly at MALCOLM.*) If his limbs had only been free! (*MALCOLM becomes more attentive and listens breathlessly.*) He felt that he could have done anything for his poor wife’s sake, even if his hands been free. He bargained that, when taking on deck, his ankles would be relieved, and then he would only have to deal with his wristbands. There was but one way to manage them—to drag his hands through in spite of bones and flesh. When the proper time came, as he expected, his legs were set free. But when he looked around on the great field of sea and sky, his heart failed him a bit. Still, drowning was preferable to shooting or hanging any day, so he resolved to carry out his plan. If picked up, he could report himself as a wrecked seaman, and if he sank—then that would end all his troubles. It was a wild venture, but it was better than no chance at all. There was one thing against him—the moon. She was shining as clear as daylight; but if he had such a night as *this*, his chance of getting away from the “Hercules” would have been greatly strengthened. But he had to take things as they were, so, no sooner had the marine turned his back than he sprang clear over the bulwarks, and fell with a splash into the water. The alarm was raised instantly, and a boat was lowered. Everybody was on the lookout. But Coupland was a good swimmer, and he managed to keep under water, until he had drifted a good bit away from the vessel. You see, he went with the tide, which was capital, as it saved him much labor, but the moon was treacherous. He lifted his head above water to obtain breath—he was seen and fired on. Two bullets struck him—one broke his arm and the other struck his body. The struggle

was over for him; for he was stupified with pain, and instead of allowing himself to sink, he continued to float until the boat reached him, and carried him back to the "Hercules." He lived long enough to tell the chaplain all he had thought of and intended doing; and he died declaring he would have done the same thing again under the circumstances. (*Looking at ELVANLEE, and taking snuff.*) He was a brave fellow.

Guard. What became of his widow?

Dr. Fair. Eh! Oh she lamented—and got married again.

Guard. That's the way they all do.

Dr. Fair. They can't help it, poor things; don't blame them. Fate was against Coupland, and he was obliged to surrender; yet he died like a sturdy man and not like a knave.

Sir Mal. (*Turns his head. Aside.*) The riddle is solved, Fairlie. Your well-timed advice shall not be disregarded.

Guard. Well, that was better than being strung at the yard arm or shot.

Sir Mal. (*Aside.*) Yes, a thousand times better.

Dr. Fair. (*To GUARD.*) Would you have done the same?

Guard. I'm not so sure about that.

Dr. Fair. Because you have seen the result of his endeavor. But if Coupland had only had a friend to tell him that at a certain hour (*tapping the figure XII of his watch, which MALCOLM observes,*) there would be a boat waiting for him a mile to leeward of the "Hercules"—a boat which he should discover by a light at the prow, which would appear and disappear every two minutes—and if there had been no moon that night, don't you think he would have had a fair chance of escape?

Guard. We say in one part of the country, "when ifs and ans become pots and pans, there will be no use for tinkers." (*Turns towards door, which he guards as at first.*)

Dr. Fair. What do you say, Elvanlee?

Sir Mal. He would have had a good chance for life under such circumstances, and he would have been a fool not to have taken it, seeing there was no other hope for him. (*Nods to DR. FAIRLIE*)

Dr. Fair. That's my opinion exactly. But let me see—we have used five minutes of the time allowed to your testament. (*Watching MALCOLM intently.*) What is the hour by your time-piece?

Sir Mal. Five minutes to eleven!

Dr. Fair. You are five minutes fast according to my watch, so that you have five minutes more of this life than you expected. You have ten minutes in which to tell me all your wishes. (*Putting his watch in his pocket.*)

Sir Mal. All that I possess is to go to my wife, as you will find stated in this letter. I suppose, however, the government will seize Elvanlee and its belongings; but you may be able to recover something for Margaret, by and by.

Dr. Fair. (*Aside.*) Yes, by my soul, if everything works well, I'll recover you for her. (*To MALCOLM.*) I have no doubt of being able to regain everything. I'll answer for it, Forbes will do your memory justice.

Sir Mal. That thought will comfort me. Tell Madge that I regret nothing.

(Enter STRANG, L. 2 E. who stands at the door.)

Tell her I am glad to prove, even with my life, how much I love her. (*Perceives STRANG, and turns his back to him.*)

Col. Strang. (*Aside.*) That proud spirit not yet curbed! Ah, well, to-morrow will crush it forever; and then Margaret Oliphant, you are mine irrevocably. (*To DR. FAIRLIE.*) Dr. Fairlie, I am sorry to disturb you; but your two hours have expired, and you must take leave of Sir Malcolm.

Dr. Fair. I obey, sir. Colonel Strang, I must thank you for your courtesy to my unfortunate friend and myself. You, sir, have done your duty, and I respect you for it. But the best wish I can offer you, sir, is, that should misfortune ever fall on you, may those who have power over you know how to temper *justice with mercy, as you have done* (STRANG bows coldly.) Well, Elvanlee, farewell!

(Exit FAIRLIE, after an affectionate farewell, L. 2 E.)

Col. Strang. Egad, Fairlie, from his leaves-taking, seems to be as little disturbed as possible concerning his friend's welfare.

(Exit, L. 2 E.)

Sir Mal. (*Solus.*) Oh, Fairlie, you have raised a hope in me that shall either be realized, or I will die in the attempt. It is better and more noble, at all events, to die in attempting to escape an unjust sentence, than to perish like a felon. But did I understand him exactly? Yes, for there is the port-hole open. The hour appointed twelve o'clock; a boat to be in readiness to be distinguished by a light appearing and disappearing, and my watch five minutes fast by his. Noble fellow, what pains he took to inform me of all this. But stop, if I *am rescued*, I am Malcolm Oliphant, the escaped traitor, with a price set on my head. Stay, he said Coupland was a man much like me. I see it all now, Fairlie, you would have me change my name. Well, then, so be it. (*Taking off his coat.*) As I divest myself of this, so do I shake off the personality of Malcolm Oliphant, never to be resumed until Scotland returns it to me, free from taint, and spotless as my Madge's honor. (*Looking at his watch.*) Twelve o'clock, but I am five minutes fast. Stride on, oh, time, stride on! (*A light appears, is hidden and reappears through port-hole.*) Ha! the signal. (*Bells on deck strike eight bells—12 o'clock.*) Ring on, oh, bells! before thy iron tongues have ceased their clatter, Malcolm Oliphant will be silent in death, or free from Scotland's wrath. To thee, oh! God, do I commend my future. (*Jumps from port-hole, c. f.: aloud splash heard in the water. Cries of "man overboard."*) Drums roll.)

(Enter STRANG, L. 2 E., hastily with six MARINES.)

Col. Strang. (*Speaking quickly as he enters.*) The traitor has jumped into the sea. Fire upon him. Aim at every object near, and strew his path with leaden death. (MARINES file across stage, with back to audience, aim and fire simultaneously through the open port-hole.) Ha! that shot makes Margaret Oliphant a widow, and places me once more in the lists.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Exterior of MRS. MALCOLM'S Cottage at Stirling. On right an arbor with lattice work; on the left steps and porch of Cottage.*

(*Enter DR. FAIRLIE and CAPT. LAWRENCE SPENCE, L. 2 E.*)

Dr. Fair. And so, Captain Spence, you've fallen in love with Aggie, have you? And you want me to be the go-between, do you? On my faith, I knew it, man, long before you did yourself. I knew very well you did na be coming here sae often, and be a sending her the birds you'd shoot, and all that for nothing. It's a bargain, Sir. I'll do what you want of me, although match-making is not just in the ordinary course of my practice.

Spence. If you do, Doctor, I shall be your debtor for life.

Dr. Fair. Egad, that's a big saying, meaning nothing. But Mistress Agnes is a bonnie lass, and a good lass, and you are a decent sort of a chield, so I'll do what I can for you; but I'll not let you bide my debtor as long as you would like; you shall pay me prompt cash.

Spence. Only show me how.

Dr. Fair. Then find out for me whether the Jacobite Earl of Strathroy is living or dead.

Spence. Depend on me for that. It is certain he did not fall at Culloden, for all the gentlemen who fell there, or were taken prisoners, were identified. (*FAIRLIE shudders, and takes snuff to disguise it.*) Why, Doctor, what is the matter?

Dr. Fair. Oh, the very mention of Culloden gives me a qualm in the stomach. (*Abruptly.*) You do not doubt my loyalty to King George?

Spence. Assuredly not.

Dr. Fair. Well, you'll not misunderstand me, when I say his Grace, the Duke of Cumberland, had an easy victory; and having won, his mighty highness would have done just as much service to the country, if he had spared us the butchering of the defenceless fugitives that is now going on. Even the helpless women-folks do not escape, and d—n it, Sir, that's enough to make even a Doctor's blood curdle.

Spence. But these extreme measures may be excused by the fact that the rebellion is not yet extinguished.

Dr. Fair. Nothing can excuse them, sir. Because two or three dozen fools want to die, sword in hand, rather than take the chances of hanging, that's no reason the whole country should be given to the ravages of unprincipled mercenaries.

Spence. But you forget, Doctor, that only this morning, my uncle, General Kerr, received sure intelligence that the remnants of the clans, to the number of two thousand, had risen in Lochabar. A force like that may threaten the peace of the country for a long time.

Dr. Fair. (*Starting.*) If the auld fool is living, Strathroy will be there.

Spence. Was it not with him that the traitor, Sir Malcolm Oliphant, was connected?

Dr. Fair. He's dead—a year ago—let him be. (*Gruffly.*)

Spence. Then you are not aware of the rumor that he is still alive?

Dr. Fair. Eh—Eh? Its nonsense. He was shot in attempting to escape, and drowned in the bargain. I saw the report, and, what was more, I was told by Colonel Strang, who was ordered to superintend the execution, that he saw him sink.

Spence. Such was the report at the time, and, whether true or not, it was an unhappy business, for I am told he was a brave fellow.

Dr. Fair. Brave! You know Sergeant Coupland, who has been doing wonders under your uncle, General Kerr.

Spence. Yes. The shrewdest and bravest man in the regiment.

Dr. Fair. Well, if Oliphant had been living and placed under similar circumstances, he would have rivalled your pet, Coupland.

Spence. By the way, what became of his widow?

Dr. Fair. (*Coughing and fastening his gaiter.*) His widow? Oh, she is somewhere in Scotland still, I believe, hiding herself under an assumed name. But here we are at Mrs. Malcolm's, and we are forgetting your affairs; so amuse yourself in that arbor and wait there, till I call you. I pledge my word that, in ten minutes, I'll let you know your fate. (*Exit SPENCE into arbor.*)

Dr. Fair. (*Solus.*) So! I am to add another branch to my profession, and become a healer of broken hearts as well as broken limbs. Ah, happy middle age when one becomes the confidant of fond youth, without any suspicion that middle age might become a wooer, and do a little business on its own account. But nonsense, I'm old enough to be her father. She'd make me miserable every hour of my life, if she were fool enough to marry me. A coquette! What would she care about surgery. But she's a kind-hearted creature, though a wee bit shallow, maybe—I'm haverin: we maun e'en take a tranquilizer and let the bonnie lassie gang. (*AGNES comes out of cottage, and FAIRLIE meets her.*) Ah! Puss, how do we find ourselves to-day? Still pale? Why there has not been a bloom on your cheeks—let me see—since Captain Spence was here.

Agnes. What has Captain Spence to do with my looking well or ill?

Dr. Fair. Oh, dear me, nothing! How is your sister?

Agnes. Much as usual; kind and generous to me, firm and calm in bearing her own misfortunes. But do you know, Doctor, her manner perplexes me?

Dr. Fair. Why so?

Agnes. Because since poor Malcolm's death, she has at times been most miserable, and again in the gayest humor. A week ago she said there was an important secret to be delivered to me soon, and that you and she were the only persons that knew it. I wonder what it is?

Dr. Fair. So do I. But you are not well? pulse irregular, digestion out of order. I think I know the cause.

Agnes. I am much better than I was, thank you. But where is Captain Spence now?

Dr. Fair. I will tell you about him presently. Agnes, you have suffered some depression lately. Did it concern your sister?

Agnes. No, it concerned nobody.

Dr. Fair. And nobody is always a lover. Oh, did I tell you Captain Spence has been wounded?

Agnes. (*Quickly.*) Not seriously?

Dr. Fair. Very seriously. He will carry the mark of it to the grave; but it won't shorten his life, and I may say he is now beyond actual danger.

Agnes. Are you sure of that?

Dr. Fair. Quite. I see that you *are* interested in the Captain's welfare.

Agnes. Very much—that is—you know that he is a friend of my sister.

Dr. Fair. Just that; and maintains his friendship for her by proxy. However, he has some business with her which he must transact personally. He has a great regard for Mrs. Malcolm, and often speaks of her.

Agnes. Of Margaret?

Dr. Fair. But as you are interested in him, you shall be the first to judge of his convalescence; he is in the arbor, I will call him. (*Calls.*) "Captain Spence?" (*As CAPT. SPENCE advances, FAIRLIE nods to him, and smiles significantly. SPENCE advances to AGNES, and is about to embrace her, but AGNES draws back.*)

Agnes. As you have particular business with Mrs. Malcolm, Captain Spence, please do not let me detain you. She is in the house. (*SPENCE looks bewildered at FAIRLIE, who nods to him to go on.*)

Spence. I shall not have occasion to see her, unless, with your permission, to ask her sanction to our marriage.

Agnes. Captain Spence, to the same question, one week ago, I answered you no. Have you still the hardihood to brave a second refusal?

Spence. Yes, Agnes, for with that refusal, you acknowledged a deep-felt attachment for me. May I say it was something deeper? After such an avowal, think you I would relinquish the treasure so easily?

Agnes. Then, Lawrence, if you will be satisfied with me—there is my hand. (*AGNES gives him her hand, and he embraces her: they retire up the stage.*)

Dr. Fair. (*Taking snuff.*) And, with a furious charge of small arms, the cavalry won the day,—

(*Enter MRS. MALCOLM from house, who looks to FAIRLIE for an explanation.*)

It means, Madam, that there has been a steady siege for nine months; the garrison held out bravely, but has been taken by storm and surrendered unconditionally.

Spence. (*Advancing.*) It means, Madam, that I have come to ask you, as the guardian of this lady, to resign your charge to me.

S. Mar. (*To FAIRLIE.*) How shall I answer them? Were my father to learn that Agnes, like me, had become the wife of one of his enemies, it would madden him.

Dr. Fair. Your refusal will render them unhappy. Remember, they love each other. You cannot refuse them.

Mar. You advise this? I see this is a conspiracy, and I must yield. But, mind you, there is one condition.

Spence. We accept it.

Mar. No; Agnes, it is you who must accept it. Promise me, for the sake of Captain Spence, that you will not become his wife until General Kerr shall join your hands.

Spence. Oh, that will be as soon as I break our engagement to him.

Agnes. (Impulsively.) I accept your conditions freely, Madge.

Dr. Fair. Then we are quite well now. You young folks take an airing, while we old folks have a talk over your affairs. When we come back, I'll promise we will not find you here. (*SPENCE and AGNES exit through arbor, R. FAIRLIE and MARGARET go towards the house.*)

Mar. (To FAIRLIE.) I have done right, since it has made them happy.

SCENE II.—*A room in MRS. MALCOLM'S cottage, DOOR C. F. Enter FAIRLIE and MARGARET, C. D.*

Mar. But there is one thing, Doctor, you did not tell me. What of my father?

Dr. Fair. When I tell you there is an uprising in Lochaber suspected, you may easily guess where Strathroy is.

Mar. Then he is with them,—but, Doctor—

(*Enter SERVANT, L. 1 E.*)

Serv. A man by the name of Johnstone to see Mrs. Malcolm.

Mar. Send him here. (*Exit SERVANT, L. 1 E.*)

Dr. Fair. This is from the camp. I trust your correspondence will never betray us. When you have read your letter, you will find me in the garden. (*Exit, C. D.*)

(*Enter JOHNSTONE, L. 1 E.*)

Johns. A letter from my puir Maister, Ma'am. I came to toon for a barrel of whiskey, and I'll come back for the answer.

(*Exit JOHNSTONE, L. 1 E.*)

Mar. (Opens letter, and reads.) "My own wife"—Ay, Malcolm, always yours.—"nearly a year has passed since we were together, but the hour of our triumph is near. I have returned to-day from a successful expedition. The General has publicly acknowledged my services to the Government; and, thanks to his favor, I hope, in a few days, to be able to declare myself, and to claim the reversion of the sentence so hastily pronounced upon me. Be glad, then, for our separation will only endure a little longer. Commend me to our sister Agnes, and to your own good thoughts.

"Your true lover and husband,

MALCOLM."

(As MARGARET reads last lines, enter SERVANT, L. 1 E., followed by COL. STRANG.)

Serv. Colonel Strang. (*Exit SERVANT, L. 1 E. MARGARET crushes letter into her pocket, and turns to meet STRANG.*)

Col. Strang. Mrs. Malcolm, good day!

Mar. To what am I indebted for this visit, Colonel Strang?

Col. Strang. Your safety, Madame.

Mar. My safety! With what peril am I threatened?

Col. Strang. There is peril everywhere for the friends of the rebels, and a petticoat is not privileged in the eyes of his Grace of Cumberland. The mother of the Duke of Perth, the Countess of Strathallen, and other ladies have been consigned to prison at Edinburgh. If it were known that Mistress Malcolm, who has succeeded in gaining the friendship of General Kerr, was none other than the widow of the traitor Oliphant and the daughter of Strathroy, imprisonment would certainly follow—possibly something else.

Mar. But I have perpetrated no crime, betrayed no secret. The law will protect me.

Col. Strang. The gibbet and the musket are the only lawgivers of the hour. Your crime, Madame, is your relation to two notorious rebels.

Mar. (*Firmly.*) But one of them is—dead.

Col. Strang. (*Quietly.*) That is so, I know, for I was with the party who pursued Oliphant, and saw his unhappy end. But, absurd as it may seem, there is a report that he is still alive—nay, more, that he is the chief agent of the insurgents, and is at present in the camp of General Kerr as a spy.

Mar. (*Starting, but recovers herself.*) That is a very singular report. What will be the consequence of it?

Col. Strang. The result will be this—every man will be examined, and the first who fails to answer satisfactorily will be shot on the instant.

Mar. But why tell me of these horrors? I am not interested.

Col. Strang. Pardon me, Madame, I fear you are deeply interested; the inquiry now on foot will lead to your identification. That is why I am here to warn you.

Mar. I am afraid the warning will not shield me from danger.

Col. Strang. Ay! and I have come to tell you that there is one near you who is resolved to protect you at all hazard—if you will permit him.

Mar. I am grateful to the friend, but I will allow no one to be involved in my distress.

Col. Strang. But the friend of whom I speak, and it is myself, will venture all, my position, my reputation, every thing for your sake.

Mar. Colonel Strang!

Col. Strang. I understand—I have been too abrupt. Forgive me, I will be more careful next time. Meanwhile,

(*Enter FAIRLIE, C. D., and, observing STRANG, betrays himself before MARGARET answers.*)

give me leave to think I have a right to defend you.

Dr. Fair. (*Advancing, and striking STRANG on shoulder.*) I heard you had arrived, Colonel, and, thinking you would be anxious to reach the General's quarters, I came to offer my services as guide. I know he is expecting you.

Col. Strang. I will accompany you at once. (*To MARGARET.*) We part, Madame, but be sure you are safe under my care. Good-bye. Now, Doctor, I am ready.

(*Exeunt COL. STRANG and FAIRLIE, C. D. who returns again.*)

Dr. Fair. Your father is at the head of the gathering at Lochaber. Goodness knows when it will end; but courage! courage!—everything depends on that.

(*Exit FAIRLIE, C. D., and enter JOHNSTONE, L. 1 E. at once*.)

Mar. (*Frantically.*) Would you risk your life to save your master's?

Johns. I would give it, my lady.

Mar. They are going to examine every man. If he is discovered, he will be shot. You must help me to get into the camp to-night. I must see your master.

Johns. You will need a pass.

Mar. Captain Spence will obtain it for me. Come with me.

(*Exeunt omnes, C. D.*)

SCENE III.—*Camp of GENERAL KERR. Time—night. In flat, a stream, with tents in the distance. On left, a camp fire, around which are gathered SERGEANT RYAN, CORPORAL HODGE, and a squad of soldiers; in the centre are the regimental colors. Peddlers, fruit venders, &c., &c., are scattered through the camp. Along the river bank marches a SENTINEL. RYAN has a young pig in his ARMS. COUPLAND asleep, R. C.*

Hodge. Ryan, you're a hero.

Ryan. It's the pig ye mane, (*giving it to the men;*) but here boys go and wash him, and we'll hang him forninst the fire to dry.

Hodge. Shall we wake Coupland?

Ryan. No; lave him alone till we have something for him to ate. He's had the divil's own ride to-day with the Duke's dispatches, and he ought to be made a general at least. (*STRATHROY, disguised as an old farmer, rows along the river bank in a boat, and is challenged.*)

Sentinel. Who goes there?

Strath. (*Stops rowing, c.*) A friend—if you'll bide a minute till I land, I'll let you see my pass. I am just bringing a bit barrel o' real Farrentosh for ane Neil Johnstone. (*SOLDIERS hurrah, while STRATHROY rolls the barrel into camp.*)

Ryan. What ails Johnstone, that he did not come himself?

Strath. Oh, I could na say. I was just hanging about the stable at the inn; he wanted somebody to row up here with the keg, and I wanted the job. So he gied me his pass and I came awa, and that's a' I ken. (*SOLDIERS, RYAN, and HODGE gather round the whiskey, and STRATHROY advances to right.*) Now, that I am here, if I can only obtain an idea of their numbers and position, the clans may yet strike a blow that will give our king his own again. (*Moving towards COUPLAND, and peering into his face.*)

Coup. (*Starting.*) Well, comrade, were you seeking any body?

Strath. Ay maister, I was looking for a friend, but you're nae he. (*Moving away. In the meantime, COUPLAND rises up, resting his elbows on his knees.*) By heaven! if they had not assured me that Oliphant was dead, I should say yonder he is. (*Looking again and seeing COUPLAND sitting up with the glare of the fire on him.*) It is himself! What does this riddle mean?

(*Saunters through the camp, and exit, R 3 E.*)

Coup. Has Johnstone returned?

Hodge. No, not yet

Coup. Oh! mine is a sad fate; but I will try to be worthy of Madge's sacrifice. It is her honor as well as mine that I am striving to win back. She has shared my shame, and, poor lass, she shall be glad of my victory.

(*Enter ORDERLY, R. 3 E.*)

Ord. General Kerr wishes to see Sergeant Coupland at headquarters.

Coup. (*Rising.*) Has General Kerr returned?

Ord. Yes, and Colonel Strang is with him.

Coup. (*Aside.*) Strang here! Heavens! if he recognize me, one word will crush the mighty castle of hope I have been building for a whole year. But to go back is to lose everything. I must advance, whatever fortune awaits me. Go on, I will follow. (*Ereunt COUPLAND and ORDERLY, R 3 E. During the above, the soldiers have fixed the whiskey in the fork of a tree*)

Hodge. Oh, here comes the man of the whiskey; and who is that he's got with him?

(*Enter JOHNSTONE, and MARGARET disguised as a peasant girl, L. 3 E*)

Johns. (*Throws down a number of drinking horns*) I have gotten the barrel ready, lads, and there are the cups, and here's my cousin Maggie come to help me fill 'em for you, instead of ould mother Hewitt, whose nae very well. (*MARGARET bows to soldiers.*)

Hodge. I hope you find yourself vera weel, Maggie?

Mar. (*Starting.*) Well enough to fill your cups, gentlemen. (*Pouring some into RYAN's cup*)

Ryan. I drink to the sunshine of your pretty face, honey. (*SOLDIERS shout vociferously.*)

Johns. (*In a low tone to RYAN.*) She is Coupland's lass. Dinna let any o' these fools ill-treat her. (*Exit, L. 2 E.*)

Ryan. (*Whistling.*) Oh, that's it, is it: and she wants to see him. I understand now.

Hodge. Now, Maggie, give us a kiss to flavor the grog. (*Attempting to kiss her.*)

Mar. Na, na, my man, that's agin the regulation.

Hodge. You must pay that price for your passport amongst us.

Mar. (*Aside.*) Oh, where is Malcolm? (*Decidedly.*) If that's the price, I'll pay it—but only to one of ye, and you'll hae to let me choose the man.

Hodge. (*On whom the liquor is beginning to tell.*) I am the man, then.

Ryan. (*Grasping him by the arm, and throwing him back among his comrades.*) Be aisy, Corporal, will ye. Sure you can't have all the girls in the world to yourself.

Hodge. That's none of your business.

Ryan. Now, look here, boys, you wouldn't smother the girl? and if only one of us is to have the honor of saluting her, I say that man should be the favorite of the regiment, Sergeant Coupland.

Mar. Where is he? Where is Sergeant Coupland?

Sol. Here he is, coming along from the General's quarters?

Ryan. Keep at a respectable distance, boys, and I'll bring him to ye like a lamb. (*All move over towards fire. SERGEANT COUPLAND enters, R. 3 E. RYAN meets him.*) Is your mouth clean, Coupland, because if it is, here is a prize for ye?

Sol. (*Shouting.*) A prize! a prize!

Coup. But what is the prize?

Ryan. (*Pointing to MARGARET.*) That is it, and, by St. Patrick, if ye do not thank us for giving it ye, why ye don't deserve it.

Coup. A woman?

Ryan. Ay, and a pretty one too.

Coup. What then?

Ryan. What then? Why this, avick, that in token of the brave work you have already done, your comrades yield their privileges to you, and require you to salute the jewel on their behalf.

Coup. I'll do that willingly. (*Advancing towards each other.*)

Mar. (*In a low tone, dropping the plaid from her face.*) Malcolm!

Coup. (*Aloud, embracing and kissing her.*) Margaret! (*SOLDIERS shout "hurrah!" and return to their grog.*)

Hodge. (*Hiccoughing.*) I say, comrade, look here, it's all very well to salute the wench once in a way, but you are going too far, and make our mouths water.

Coup. Pardon, comrades, but there's a kiss for each of you, is there not? (*Kissing MARGE.*) This for you, Corporal—this for you, Sergeant; and this—

Hodge. - Hold hard, let's have one for ourselves. (*Advancing towards MARGARET; COUPLAND throws him back.*)

Coup. Stand off a bit. Listen to me, lads. You saw just now that I hesitated to take the prize you offered me—

Sol. Ay, we saw that.

Coup. And you laughed at me for it! then, you saw me leap at your offer. Shall I tell you the reason of the change? It was not alone because this lassie's eyes were bright, and her lips red, but because I recognized in her face the portrait of an old friend.

Sol. An old friend!

Coup. You have wives, some of you; and the rest have sweethearts.

Ryan. Thru for ye.

Coup. Well, I had a sweetheart once—so pure, so true that she was like one of those stars shining up yonder; and just like that black cloud which has covered a dozen of them, misfortune came between us, and hid her from my sight. But it could not hide her from my thoughts or from my dreams. By the camp-fire—at the lonely watch

by the hillside—when the trumpets brayed and cannon roared—when the smoke of carnage enveloped us like a black fog—that star was always shining over me, giving me thoughts of better things, and strength to dare and win them.

Ryan. And a mighty fine thing was that same star, and here's luck to it.

Coup. Ah, lads, that is what my lass was to me. But there were sad thoughts, too, associated with her. At times I remembered that I was like one dead to her, and she without a protector in her hour of need, and I writhed with the pain of my own helplessness. Worse than that, I recollected that her charms would not lack wooers, and the demon of jealousy tortured me with the fear that she might forget me.

Mar. (*In a low tone, and clinging closer to him.*) Never, Malcolm, never.

Coup. It was only a brief pang that, for when doubt darkened on me, I used to look up and see the bright hope of her face shining on me, and then I tried to make myself worthy of her in faith and in truth. Trying to do that gave me the courage to fight wherever death was mightiest, and trying to do that has won for me your good will and my Sergeant's badge.

Ryan. And sure ye deserved them all, and the girl into the bargain.

Coup. Well, comrades, after a weary while of separation and suspense, do you wonder if I seemed to take more than a fair share of the honey on this lassie's lips, when I recognized in her the star I have been dreaming about so long? (*SOLDIERS crowd around, and congratulate him.*)

Ryan. (*Grasping his hand.*) Good luck to ye, and, while the girl is with us, I promise ye she shall have the respect of a princess. Isn't that right, boys?

Sol. Ay, ay, every word of it.

Ryan. Then here's to their long lives. (*All drink, and return to fire.*)

Mar. (*In a low tone.*) I must speak to you alone. Can you not leave this place?

Coup. Impossible. That fellow Hodge is out of humor; he would follow us, and that would end in mischief.

(*Enter STRATHROY from R. 3 E., going towards river.*)

Strath. I have discovered their strength. Now let me escape in safety, and the clans shall march down from Lochaber like an avalanche, and avenge Culloden on the butcher Cumberland. What do I see—Oliphant and Margaret. (*Drums roll without, STRATHROY mingles among SOLDIERS, always keeping himself prominent.*)

Mar. (*Clutching COUPLAND'S arm. Aside.*) Heavens! if that be the order for inspection, he is lost.

Coup. It is only for the General's guard, Madge, but it warns me I shall have to leave you directly.

Mar. Oh! how can I warn him of his danger; all eyes are on me; there is but one way. (*Turning to SOLDIERS.*) Come, gentlemen, let me fill your cups. (*As she helps RYAN, and at the same time laughing.*)

Sergeant, what would you do now, if, in the midst of a' this fun and guid fellowship, you should find a traitor—a sort of serpent in the bosom o' your sodgers? (COUPLAND looks perplexed; STRATHROY draws his bonnet closer, and prepares to run for the river.)

Ryan. (Taking COUPLAND by the arm.) Do? I would take the blackguard by the throat, as I take your arm, comrade, and I'd shake the soul out of him for stealing into honest company; and thin I'd kick him over to the hangman. Shouldn't we, my boy?

Coup. Surely, surely.

Strath. (Aside.) How calmly he takes it.

Ryan. But who is it that talks of traitors?

Mar. Oh, I can nae tell you that, exactly; but folks say there is ane among ye, and he betrays every thing to the clans, and that is how they fash ye sae muckle.

Hodge. (Drunkenly.) I'll go to the General instantly.

Mar. Eh, man, but you are ower late. (Looking steadily at COUPLAND.) The General kens a' about it, and he is to make an inspection o' everybody in the camp, and the first man who fails to satisfy him by his answer will be shot then and there.

Ryan. Then we'll show his honor that we keep too good watch in our company to let any dirty spy get in it; shall we not, my boy?

Coup. Surely, surely.

Ryan. But who is the ruffian, if you know?

Mar. Some great man. Sir Malcolm Oliphant, of Elvanlee, I think, was the name I heard. (SOLDIERS growl indignantly. STRATHROY starts back astonished. COUPLAND starts slightly, but no one observes it.)

Ryan. Arrah, is it him that was shot and drowned, ye mane?

Mar. That's just the man.

Ryan. Then, bad luck to him, but we'll lay his ghost if we catch him. Here, boys, drink to the rope that's to hang the traitor Oliphant. (All hands drink but MARGARET, which HODGE observes.)

Hodge. Why don't you join us, Maggie? Come, take a sip to Oliphant's speedy hanging.

Mar. Me! I wish naebody ill. I'd rather no—

Coup. (Calmly.) Why not wet your lips to the toast, my lass? No knave deserves to live. Come, drink with me to the traitor's death. (Bugle sounds, and drums beat.)

Ryan. (To men.) Fall in! (Men take their muskets, fall in line, and march off, R. 2 E. STRATHROY hides behind tree.)

Mar. (Hurriedly.) You must escape now.

Coup. I understand your warning, but it is too late. I have just received orders from the General to attend him, as guard, through the pass of Lochaber, to-night.

Mar. He will find another.

Coup. Still, I cannot move. To fly now is to lose all that I have won, and to cast away every hope that makes the future bright. I cannot move.

Mar. It is madness to remain.

Coup. It is ruin to take flight.

Mar. Malcolm, Malcolm, I implore you to go.

Coup. And my love for you bids me stay.

Mar. Oh, let your love for me drive you hence, for it is cruelty to me to wait for certain death.

Coup. It would still be more cruel to you to fly and involve you in a fate as sure. Every pass is guarded. We would be seized, dragged back to judgment, and the attempted escape would be a confession of guilt. I stay here to confront my accusers, and the past will plead for me.

Mar. The past will condemn you.

Coup. Then I will fall, content that I have made full atonement for my offense, and you will live to take care of Agnes.

Mar. Do not think of her. She is safe—she is to become the wife of Captain Spence.

Strath. (*Starting for river, but hears this.*) Curse you! you would take her from me too; but you shall not, you shall not. (*Meets STRANG.*) (*Aside.*) Strang! (*Enters boat, and rows off, L.*)

Col. Strang. (*Entering, L. 3 E.*) Strathroy is here, and is disguised. So! so! (*Seeing COUPLAND and MARGARET.*) A love affair! I'll watch it. (*Stands back.*)

Coup. I am glad of that, but it does not alter my determination.

Mar. I can plead no more.

Coup. It is useless, Madge, for I am resolved to meet the worst. But you must not remain longer in the camp. Johnstone is your guide?

Mar. He—and another.

Coup. What other?

Mar. Do not ask me. I have promised not to reveal his name.

Coup. Be it so. Good-bye, we will meet again soon, and if not, be comforted, for, in life or death, I love you. (*Embraces her.* STRANG advances to front. She perceives him, draws her plaid over her face, and starts to run. STRANG grasps her plaid, and breaks her brooch, which falls to ground.)

Col. Strang. Hallo—halt my pretty lass; I should know that form and those pretty eyes. (*MARGARET breaks away, mingles with the SOLDIERS just entering, and escapes, R. 3 E. STRANG starts to follow her.*)

Coup. (*Throwing himself before him.*) Pardon, Colonel, pardon, I have something to say.

Col. Strang. Out of the way, sir.

Coup. But I have—something to say.

Col. Strang. You are drunk, rascal. If you have a grain of sense left in your muddled brain, you will not persist in this insolence.

Coup. (*Aside*) It is a good hint, and I'll take it. (*Assuming drunkenness.*) Pardon, Colonel, I—mean no insolence, but I must speak to you.

Col. Strang. Must, sir! You forget.

Coup. No; I do not forget. You are Colonel Strang, and I am Sergeant Coupland, a poor soldier under your command, food for powder, and nothing more. But, sir, even a creature like me has a heart, and likes and hates as passionately as nobler men. Ay, and the good name of those we love is as precious to us as the honor of your house to you.

(Enter FAIRLIE, R. 2 E—surprised.)

Col. Strang. Bah! (Shoving him aside.)

Coup. I am drunk. What matter? I must speak. You would pass; you would follow that—woman.

Col. Strang. Well, if it pleases me.

Coup. If it does not please me—what then?

Col. Strang. The chances are, that if you do not get out of my way you will have a sharp lesson on subordination.

Coup. Ay, that is it; you have the power, and, if you are so minded, a word from you would place me in front of a file of my own comrades, to be shot. You have the power; but you are a gentleman, and you will not use it like a scoundrel. You will not ruin a poor fellow's happiness, and then shoot him like a dog. You will not force your acquaintance on a woman who is so little to you, and so very, very much to me.

Col. Strang. That depends upon the pleasure of the lady. (Aside.) Where have I heard that voice before?

Dr. Fairlie (Advancing, and in low tone.) In Heaven's name, what are you doing?

Coup. (Not heeding him.) But this lady, as you have been good enough to call her, Colonel, is an honest woman. You cannot wish to shame her and to degrade me, who cannot resent the degradation as your equal could and would do.

Col. Strang. Tut, man, stand aside. (Perceiving brooch on ground, and picking it up. Aside.) What is this? A brooch! That woman was Margaret Oliphant, as I live.

Coup. (Aside.) Madge's brooch. Heavens! he has recognized it.

Col. Strang. You have made a mistake, my good fellow, if you hoped to gain favor in the eyes of that lady.

Coup. Pardon, Colonel, I fear it is you who are mistaken.

Col. Strang. The lady, sir, whom you dared to insult with your pretensions, is my affianced wife. Are you satisfied?

(Exit, R. 3 E.)

Coup. (Sounds of drums. Clutching FAIRLIE's arms.) You are my friend, Doctor. You will help me. The General is coming this way; you will obtain for me a pass to quit the camp.

Dr. Fair. Leave the camp now! What are you thinking about, man?

Coup. Only for twenty-four hours. I must have it, I tell you—I must see Margaret.

Dr. Fair. Body o'me! man, you'll wring my arm out o' the socket, if you keep tugging at it that way. So you shall see her, in good time; meanwhile, control yourself.

Coup. Control myself! I am mad—I cannot control myself—so much the more reason why I should have the pass.

Dr. Fair. But you can't have it to-night.

Coup. But I must.

Dr. Fair. (Grasping him by the shoulder, and turning his face in the glare of the fire.) Confound it, Sir, you canna be jealous of your wife.

Coup. No—no, and yet—yes—I am jealous, not of *her*—but of her position. Did you not hear what Strang said? Have you no ears—no eyes? He called her his affianced wife, man, his affianced wife.

Dr. Fair. Then he lied, which is nothing unusual for him.

Coup. Ay, ay, he lied; but remember my position. I am dead, yet living. My death has been proved by witnesses; and living, I am an outcast against whom every man's hand is raised.

Dr. Fair. That's a capital reason why you should try and recover your senses enow.

Coup. Margaret, my wife, persecuted by that man, is defenceless—is at his mercy, for I dare not speak.

Dr. Fair. You do not doubt her truth?

Coup. No—no—Heaven help me, I hardly know what I doubt, or fear, or hope. She besought me to escape from the country with her, and I refused—fool that I was. How do I know what danger, what impulse may have wrung from her some warrant for the claim Strang makes? Get me the pass.

Dr. Fair. It is *her* life you hazard as well as your own.

Coup. Get me the pass, even for her sake.

Dr. Fair. (*Turning away.*) No, if you are bound for destruction, I won't quicken your journey.

(*Enter GENERAL KERR and STAFF, R. 3 E.*)

Coup. Destruction will come, then. (*Advancing to KERR.*) General Kerr?

Gen. Kerr. Speak.

Coup. An affair of life and death to me, your Excellency, demands my absence from the camp. If anything I have ever done has won your favor, I implore you, General, let it plead for me now, and grant me a pass for twenty-four hours.

Gen. Kerr. When?

Coup. Now, now, on the instant.

Gen. Kerr. Impossible. You are ordered to guide us through Lochaber, and we march at once.

Coup. Spare me, General, spare me?

Gen. Kerr. Sergeant Coupland, you have hitherto borne yourself like a true soldier and a brave man. But the man who would desert his post at the moment of greatest need is a coward and a traitor, and we shoot such men. Do not lay yourself open to a suspicion of that character.

Coup. But, General, there are desires, hopes, wrongs—

Gen. Kerr. There is nothing to a soldier but his duty. To your ranks, sir. (*COUPLAND salutes, and takes his place in the ranks.*)

(*Enter STRANG, R. 3 E.*)

Col. Strang. (*Aside*) Curse her, she gave me the slip. But now, to turn Strathroy's visit to account. General Kerr, I have a communication to make, but, as a lady is peculiarly involved in the information, I am compelled to crave your forbearance, and beg you will ask me no more than I am at liberty to tell.

Gen. Kerr. The lady's interests shall be respected. Proceed.

Col. Strang. Thank you. The communication must be accepted entirely on my word. There will be no rising of the clans to-morrow, if we succeed, to-night, in arresting the mainspring of the conspiracy, Strathroy. Or, if we can prevent his joining the clans, that will serve the same purpose.

Gen. Kerr. You have heard of him, then?

Col. Strang. Yes, General, and you will be displeased to learn where he has been.

Gen. Kerr. I know him, and wish he had been on our side, rather than against us. Where has he been?

Col. Strang. In the camp.

Gen. Kerr. What! Here in our midst, and permitted to escape?

Col. Strang. He has been amongst us, General, but he has not escaped.

Gen. Kerr. Where is he, then? Let us find Strathroy, and we will extinguish the rebellion; for it is only his mad enthusiasm that keeps it alive. Colonel Strang, you and I have this night missed the grandest opportunity that fortune is ever likely to offer us. Speak, tell me all you know.

Col. Strang. Wherever he may be, sir, our business is to prevent him reaching Auchnacarry, where the rendezvous is appointed for to-morrow.

Gen. Kerr. It will be no easy matter to prevent him, since he has the start of us; and no doubt carries information of our position and strength.

Col. Strang. Without a doubt, General. But give me a dozen of your best dragoons, and I'll stake my future that we bar his way to Lochaber, if we do not capture him, before to-morrow night.

Gen. Kerr. So be it. Sergeant Coupland will accompany Colonel Strang with a squad to guard the passes of Auchnacarry.

Coup. Mercy, General, mercy. (SOLDIERS *fall in*.)

Gen. Kerr. Sergeant Coupland, you are on a soldier's duty. Take care you do not disgrace it. For the second time, I order you back to your ranks. (SOLDIERS *march off*, L. 3 E.)

Coup. (*Huskily*.) I obey.

TABLEAU.—CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—MRS. MALCOLM'S garden. *House in the background.*
AGNES and STRANG discovered.

Col. Strang. I trust you will pardon my early visit, Miss Agnes, but I have matters of much importance to communicate to Mrs. Malcolm.

Agnes. She is employed in the garden, I believe. I will send for her.

Col. Strang. Before you send, I have something to tell you.

Agnes. (*Carelessly*.) I hope it will not take long. Are we discovered, and are you going to bring all General Kerr's army to capture a couple of women?

Col. Strang. (Half aside.) Poor thing, how little she guesses what is coming. *(To AGNES.)* Your sister was out late last night!

Agnes. (Faintly.) Yes.

Col. Strang. Do you know who was her companion?

Agnes. It is of little consequence to me, sir, who was her companion.

Col. Strang. Pardon me, Mistress Agnes, if I think it is of much consequence. I crave your pardon still more earnestly if I am the first to warn you that Capt. Spence is not the honest man you and I believed him to be. I was his friend and confidant, until I discovered that he was deceiving a lady whom I esteem so profoundly as yourself.

Agnes. (Ringing bell.) I do not understand your suggestion, Colonel Strang, nor do I wish to understand it.

Col. Strang. It is my respect for you that has tempted me to speak, and hazard your displeasure.

(Enter SERVANT from House.)

Agnes. Go down the garden path, and tell Mrs. Malcolm, that Colonel Strang desires to speak to her on urgent business. *(Exit SERVANT, L. 2 E. AGNES bows and retires to right. STRANG saunters among the flowers. Aside.)* So, Madge, the visit, last night, is explained at last. I see it all now—I see why she refused to tell me where she had been. Ah! what have I done to deserve this, what have I done?
(Exit, R. 2 E.)

(Enter MARGARET, L. 2 E., with gauntlets on her hand, and carrying a pruning knife.)

Col. Strang. You are early at work, Madame?

Mar. Good morning, Colonel—excuse my hand—you see the glove. Yes, I am early astir, as you see, and *(significantly,)* you know the early bird catches the worm. What a beautiful morning.

Colonel Strang. (Seating himself on a garden seat.) I look at you and say yes—any morning would be beautiful to me if I could see you.

Mar. (Brushing rose bush, and pretending not to hear him.) How these spiteful little worms destroy my roses; they eat the heart out of my buds, and seem to thrive on it.

Col. Strang. Poor roses! I have a passion for them—they are like love; the full-bloom, brilliant but brief; then, withered leaves. But the perfume, ah, that never dies, for memory holds it always.

Mar. I fear, Colonel, you would sacrifice your commission if the General heard you speak that way.

Col. Strang. It is a sun-stroke, Madame, and you are the sun. *(Attempting to seize her hand.)*

Mar. (Drawing it away, and holding up the pruning knife.) Take care of your fingers, Colonel Strang; the knife is sharp. *(Trimming a bush.)* See how it snips off the worthless stems, that those which are meant to live may be relieved and strengthened.

Col. Strang. (Stooping down, and picking up the branch, on which he lays the brooch.) See what curious things sometimes hang on a discarded branch.

Mar. (*Starting.*) My brooch! I—I must have dropped it somewhere.

Col. Strang. Apparently so.

Mar. Where did you find it?

Col. Strang. Where? Ahem—I found it over there in the garden.

Mar. You are wrong, sir; I lost it in the camp last night, and you found it there.

Col. Strang. That's true—but I thought—

Mar. Well, sir! That I wished to conceal my adventure. Why?

Col. Strang. Well, there are some things which a lady does not wish every one to know.

Mar. But this is not one of them. Fie, Colonel, you, who pretend to be my friend, are the first to magnify a whim—a mere freak of curiosity—into an act of grave suspicion. Why do you not charge me at once with being an accomplice of the rebels? I am sure you are thinking something dreadful about me.

Col. Strang. What your purpose may have been, Madam, I do not know, and I shall not inquire—if you are wise.

Mar. (*Aside.*) Heavens! does he suspect the truth?

Col. Strang. It is said that Malcolm Oliphant is still alive. Of course the rumor is absurd; but it imperils your safety and your sister's happiness. There is only one way by which you can prove its falsehood.

Mar. (*Looking at him steadily.*) You mean—

Col. Strang. Become my wife without delay. Refuse, and I will learn before the day is out, why you visited the camp, by arresting the drunken fellow who attempted to prevent my following you last night.

Mar. (*Aside.*) If I refuse, all will be lost. You are so abrupt, Colonel, and so ridiculously stern, that you quite frighten me. Suppose—suppose I had an admirer among the brave soldiers of General Kerr's army, would it be very wonderful? I begin to think you are—shall I say it? jealous.

Col. Strang. I am, because I love you. How many years have I waited, patiently serving you? I have tried to win you, Madam, by every art which love could device, save one.

Mar. You do yourself injustice, sir. I think you have left nothing undone to compel my submission.

Col. Strang. There is one influence yet untried—force

Mar. You are frank at all events; and I perceive that our interview is to be most unpleasant if we prolong it. Let us be merciful to ourselves, remembering we have not yet breakfasted, and close the question. Permit me to aid you—I have resolved never to marry again. (*Moves towards the house.*) Good morning, sir.

Col. Strang. (*Stopping her.*) You must retract your resolution, Madam, you must retract it, and that before I leave you.

Mar. Must?

Col. Strang. Must! You shall not laugh me off, nor frown me down this time. I have a fancy to fix the date of our marriage now. I love you, and this must be the excuse for all I do.

Mar. (*Aside.*) I cannot conquer; there is but one alternative; I must pretend to yield. Then pity me, and give me time to think—to prepare for the change.

Col. Strang. It is because I pity you that I will not wait.—Look—in yonder ruins lurks a rebel, on whose head a heavy price is set—Strathroy. His capture will be the final blow to the rebellion. A word from me last night, and he would have been in the hands of his pursuers. He has owed his life to me more than once—it hangs upon your answer now.

Mar. You would not betray one whose friend you *pretend* to be?

Col. Strang. Remain obstinate, and, within an hour, your father will be in the hands of General Kerr; before nightfall, your admirer in the camp will be swinging from the highest tree top in Strath Tay.

Mar. (*Aside.*) My last hope gone—I must assume submissiveness. You have conquered—I consent.

Col. Strang. You consent! Thanks, Madam, thanks. At last you are generous, and the fidelity of my life is rewarded.

Mar. You left me no alternative, sir.

Col. Strang. You shall not regret my persistence. But the ceremony must take place at once—everything urges haste. Say, then, to-morrow.

Mar. Yes—I consent to that also.

Col. Strang. I will prove my gratitude by drawing off the chase from yonder tower. Adieu—to-morrow you will be my wife, and I shall be happy. (*Exit, R. 2 E.*)

Mar. So! I have gained twenty-four hours truce, Heaven forgive me!—by a lie! To-morrow, Malcolm and I shall be far from Scotland—or dead.

(*Enter JOHNSTONE, L. 3 E.*)

My faithful Neil, are you here?

Johns. The master bade me come, and he said I was to be quick, or he'd be here afore me.

Mar. He is coming, then! This is the gladdest tidings I have had for many a day. Neil, if your love ever wished to render faithful service to your master, do it now. Procure two horses, and keep them saddled in yonder ruin until nightfall. If we can only gain the coast, I fear nothing.

Johns. Yes, my lady, I am going —.

Mar. Was there any further message?

Johns. Ay, there was, but no frae the master.

Mar. Not from him?

Johns. No, it was no frae him; but as I was coming up the road, a chield covered up to the throat in a muckle cloak, loupes out on me, and says: "I ken you"—"for an honest man, I hope," say I,—"for a servant of the Oliphants," says he; "give that to your mistress;" and before I could say ay or no, he slips this bit ring in my hand, and was ower the hedge and out o' sight. (*Giving her the ring.*)

Mar. (*Aside.*) My father's signet! Johnstone, remember my orders, two horses in yonder ruin at midnight.

Johns. Ay, my lady. I'll nae forget it.

(*Exit, L. 3 E.*)

Mar. Then, he is coming here. And on an important errand too, for, otherwise, the signet of the Strathroy clan would never have left his finger.

(*Enter STRATHROY, R. 3 E., disguised, and excited as if pursued.*)

(*Embracing him.*) Oh, father, why do you venture here?

Strath. (*Not observing her.*) They follow, they follow. The air is loud with their voices. The tramp of their feet, the clang of their arms, the roll of their drums, ring in my ears, sleeping or waking, like the roar of a merciless cataract, from whose track I cannot break. But the work goes on—yes, yes—I am assured of that—the work goes on. (*To MARGARET.*) You are here?

Mar. Father, must you add another pang to the misery I already suffer through your unkindness?

Strath. It is the guilty who suffer; the faithful are lifted above all sorrow. Hearken! (*Bends forward, listening.*) Hearken! the hounds bay at my heels, their fangs are sharpened to tear me piecemeal, and I laugh at them. Day and night they follow me—hunt me like a criminal—set a price on my head, and frighten cowardly churls into enmity against me. They have left me no where to shelter myself, save the lair of the wild beast on the desolate mountain side. They have broken the ranks of our followers, they murder our friends, and still I laugh at them, for the work goes on in spite of all.

Mar. But you are to escape now; you are to fly from this unhappy country, when your cause has been utterly lost.

Strath. Fly the country—the cause lost! No; my place is *here*, to give the faltering courage, and to rally the faithful for the final blow, which will be, I tell you, woman, it *must* be—victorious.

Mar. Are you desperate enough to hope for victory over an army, with a handful of broken down and dispirited men?

Strath. Ay, we hope—we can always hope.

Mar. Oh! father, can you not see that the sun of the Stuarts sank forever on the dismal fields of Culloden?

Strath. Culloden;—Ay, the sun went down on that dreadful day—but it will rise to-morrow—it will rise to-morrow.

Mar. Never! father, never!

Strath. We are a handful of men, as you say, but behind us and around us is a multitude of martyrs, whose spirits will rise and join us in the strife. The White Rose shall bloom again—fresh and radiant, the symbol of our country's honor and content.

Mar. You must not remain here, father; any one who passes on the road may see you. The soldiers are seeking you, and Colonel Strang is a dangerous man.

Strath. I know him—he will not harm me.

Mar. But you must save yourself.

Strath. Ay, ay, I must save myself, but why—why am I here? There was a purpose—but my memory fails me—my memory fails me, and a thousand lives are dependent upon it. What was it?

Mar. You are fatigued, father; come in the house. I am not known here as your daughter, and the house may escape suspicion. Come, Agnes will wait upon you, and I will watch.

Strath. (Quickly.) Ah! I remember now. It was of Agnes I came to speak.

Mar. Let us go in first. (*Urging him in.*)

Strath. You have arranged a marriage for her. Oh, thoughtful sister! Oh, treacherous daughter! You have chosen a husband for her from the malignant crew who are pursuing her father to the death. But you must undo your work, and before I quit this place. The marriage must be broken off. There shall be no more rebels in my family, no more rebels, no more rebels.

Mar. But—they love each other.

Strath. She shall learn to love a better man.

Mar. You distract me. You will kill her.

Strath. Then let her perish—she will die as the daughter of Strathroy, and not as the wife of a traitor. You hear?—you understand—you will obey?

Mar. No!

Strath. No?

Mar. I have borne and borne until my heart is broken, but I will not help you to break hers.

Strath. Take care!

Mar. Ask me to walk into the midst of your foes and to deliver up my life for yours, and I will do it. But you ask me to tear the hope of happiness from her heart, to destroy her peace, and I refuse. I will not do it.

Strath. You refuse? Observe, then.—The person called General Kerr shall learn that Malcolm Oliphant still lives, and is in his camp. (*Starts to go.*)

Mar. (Stopping him.) You shall not go yet, sir, at least do not leave your cruel work half done. Take your sword and kill me—it will be one act of mercy to plead for you in heaven for all the wretchedness your fanaticism has caused us.

Strath. You are the daughter who forsook her father for a stranger. You have wedded with a renegade and apostate; but Agnes must be saved.

Mar. Saved at the cost of her own despair and ours. You cast me off—shall I act so? As my father, I have uttered no word of reproach—as a stranger, what should I say?

Strath. Will you obey?

Mar. I would say that, trusting to your honesty, I, the wife of the man whom you call renegade and apostate—I gave you an opportunity to rob him of his trust and so place his life in jeopardy.

Strath. I served the king.

Mar. Serve him still, then, and throw aside our kinship. What is my duty now? To summon assistance, arrest, and deliver you to General Kerr, as the man to whose knavery my husband owes his degradation. But, alas! even for one so brave, so generous, so noble as Malcolm, I cannot forget I am your child.

Strath. This marriage must not take place, or upon your head rest the consequences.

Mar. I will obey. But see, father, the soldiers. (*Pointing.*)

Strath. (Grasping his sword.) Your opportunity has come, Madam—I am at your mercy.

Mar. No, no, father, you are followed; you will be seized. Merciful heavens can you not hear—can you not understand? Will not even the name of the king rouse you to save yourself?

Strath. (*Starting.*) Ay, *that* name would rouse me from death.

Mar. Come, then. Go into the first room on the right; lock the door, and remain there till I call you. I will stop here to answer questions and, if possible, prevent the house being searched.

Strath. One last service you may render me. (*Giving her a packet*) Take this packet—*my* safety depends on it, and perhaps your husband's. If the worst befalls me, give this to Colonel Strang.

Mar. To him! What fatal influence is it which involves that man in every grief of my life? Beware of him, father, he will betray you.

Strath. In that case, open you the packet and use the contents as you may think best. But let that be the last resource. Meanwhile, see that you keep faith with me in all things, for I will be near you.
(*Exit STRATHROY into house.*)

(*Enter FAIRLIE, L. 1 E.*)

Dr. Fair. Ahem, I'm doubting, Madam, your father has not brought you muckle comfort.

Mar. You have seen him?

Dr. Fair. Ay, he was just going into the house as I came up to the gate. What was the particular object of his Lordship's present mission?

Mar. To overthrow all that we have striven so hard to gain for the past year. But here comes Agnes. Listen, and you shall learn all.

(*Enter AGNES, R. 2 E., MARGARET takes her hand.*)

You will forgive me, Agnes, for the pain I must cause you. You will forgive me if I *seem* to wrong you.

Agnes. Seem to wrong me?

Mar. Ay, wrong you, for I must forbid your marriage with Captain Spence.

Agnes. (*Starting, as does FAIRLIE.*) You have spoken at last! And for what reason must you forbid it?

Mar. It is our father's command, and I—we dare not disobey him.

Agnes. You did not think so once.

Mar. Agnes! You could have spared me that reproach. But I cannot blame you; only be patient. I must help you by and by; but at present I dare not oppose our father's wish.

Agnes. There is a reason why you do not wish to disobey him.

Mar. There is a reason, but it is my secret. I have kept it from you hitherto, because your knowledge of it would involve you too deeply in my danger.

Agnes. I do not fear the danger. Tell me your secret now.

Mar. No, there is more need to-day than ever to hide it. You must trust me a little while longer yet.

Agnes. Trust you, trust you! that is always the excuse of those who fear the truth. I will not trust you—I will not give him up, for I love him—I love him. (*Throws herself in a chair.*)

Mar. Do as you will, then; marry him, and destroy my peace forever; then, see if that will afford you any happiness.

(*Exit, L. 1 E.*)

Agnes. Madge, Madge—pity me; stay and explain. No, she has gone. Marry him, and destroy her peace forever; but she has not hesitated to destroy mine.

Dr. Fair. (*Aside.*) I never did believe that two women could agree without a quarrel. Poor child! she ought to have more sense. She must be very fond of him. Well, what's that to me? Dr. Fairlie, you're a selfish old fool; you would like to part them, because you fancy she might content herself with another. Bah, you're an ass. (*Moving to AGNES, and patting her on the head.*) Mrs. Malcolm said, patience, Agnes, and I say patience too. We'll make it all right by and by, I promise you; and you can trust me. We shall see, Aggie, my lass. You must be very fond of him. (*Going towards door*) Mind what I have told you; be patient till you hear from me. (*Aside.*) There is going to be an explosion directly, and that devil Strathroy is firing the train. The daughters dare not betray him; that would be a severe breach of filial affection; but, d—n the old blackguard, he's no kin to me. Why may not I deliver up the rebel, and save them? Doubtless some means might be found to save his life. If I leave him alone, I sacrifice the happiness of the whole household. A man's conscience and a man's duty should go hand in hand, although his feelings may not join them. Here, conscience, duty, and feeling urge me to rescue four creatures at the expense of one lunatic (*Pauses, takes snuff, and closes box with a snap.*) The majority carries the day.

(*Enter SPENCE, L. 1 E.*)

(*To SPENCE.*) You are just in time; there is a recruit that needs bracing up with a little manual exercise. (*Exit, L. 1 E. SPENCE goes up to AGNES, throws his arms around her, and kisses her.*)

Agnes. (*Jumping up.*) Let me go, sir, let me go, or—(*SPENCE kisses her again.*) I detest you.

Spence. I would think you were jesting, Agnes, if you did not look so much in earnest.

Agnes. I am in earnest. Go away. I don't want to see you again; I hope to forget you. I hope—oh, I hope I may die.

Spence. Then I should be sorry.

Agnes. Would you? No, no, you would not; you would be glad, for you are a cruel—a wicked—and a false man. (*Throwing her head on his shoulder.*)

Spence. Come, come, Aggie—there is some mistake here—give me a chance to remove it.

Agnes. You cannot, you cannot—nobody can.

Spence. Let us know what it is first. I swear, by every thing on earth, that I am true to you. Now tell me what is the matter.

Agnes. (*Faintly*) Answer me one question and I will believe you.

Spence. A million, if that will satisfy you.

Agnes. One will do, and try to be serious. Where did you go yesterday after leaving this house?

Spence. I returned to the camp.

Agnes. (*Sharply.*) Ay, you returned to the camp; and with whom? Don't speak, don't tell me a lie.

Spence. (*Aside.*) Mrs. Malcolm can take this home to herself. She assured me her visit had nothing to do with the Pretender's cause, and I promised secrecy. Oh, if I could but retract my word, and spare this poor girl's feelings. (*To AGNES.*) You ask me to reveal another's secret. I have promised to be silent even to you. I cannot break my word.

Agnes. You prefer to part with me.

Spence. I would sacrifice anything rather than vex you, Agnes, but you yourself would blame me if I were coward enough to betray a confidence reposed in me, and especially the confidence of a lady, who, at the moment, had no one to trust but me.

Agnes. Who was the lady?

Spence. I have told you perhaps more than I should have done. You must be satisfied with that.

Agnes. Enough, sir. I am satisfied that the man who cannot trust me with the knowledge of every action of his life, is not the man who should become my husband.

(*Enter GEN'L KERR and RYAN, followed by MARGARET, L. 1 E.*)

Gen. Kerr. (*To RYAN.*) Keep the men well concealed, but at the same time watch every entrance. (*Exit RYAN, L. 1 E.*) At length, Strathroy, thanks to Fairlie, you are in my power. But how could he get shelter here?

Spence. (*To AGNES.*) I do not know what ridiculous suspicion has got into your head; but here is my uncle, and I will compel you to own how little I have deserved this doubt of my sincerity. (*To KERR.*) I must speak to you, General Kerr, for an instant, and beg you to help me out of a strait before you proceed farther.

Gen. Kerr. Go on, Lawrence, I can spare you an instant.

Spence. I am glad you are here, Mistress Malcolm; you are interested in the service I am about to ask of my uncle. (*To KERR.*) As my guardian, General Kerr, you have the first right to know the lady I have chosen for my wife. She is here. (*Presenting AGNES.*) Will you ask Mistress Malcolm for her consent to my union with her sister?

Mar. (*Aside.*) Should my father hear this, his vengeance will fall upon me.

Gen. Kerr. You have chosen well, Lawrence; I could not have wished you a better wife. I am sure Mrs. Malcolm will join me in congratulating you.

Agnes. (*Aside.*) How she trembles.

Gen. Kerr. You do not speak, Madam. I trust there is no obstacle on your side to mar the happiness of these young folks. I will undertake to satisfy you of my nephew's position and prospects.

They understand each other, and there is nothing needed but your consent.

Mar. I am somewhat distressed by this demand—and—and—without offence, would ask time to consider—to arrange, in fact, for the change which this marriage would effect in my affairs.

Gen. Kerr. Certainly, Madam, certainly. You can give your consent now, and consider afterwards.

Mar. I cannot give my consent, and I cannot explain why.

Spence. You cannot, Madam? You must not withdraw the promise you gave me.

Mar. There are reasons and circumstances which compel me to act thus strangely.

Agnes. (*Aside.*) How she loves him! Nay, Madge, although you have destroyed my happiness, I will be generous, and spare you. There is but one alternative. (*To SPENCE.*) Ay, circumstances have occurred which she cannot explain, but I will. This marriage cannot take place.

Spence. Agnes, Agnes, what are you saying?

Agnes. Oh, sir, cease this pretense—I understand it all. (*To KERR.*) This marriage cannot take place, sir; not because it wants my sister's consent, but because it wants mine. Captain Spence, I refuse to be your wife.

Spence. Refuse! And why?

Agnes. Do you press me for the reason? Then I will tell you. It is because truth and loyalty can never join hands with treason.

Mar. (*Aside.*) What is she about to say?

Gen. Kerr. Treason! That is an ugly word to use against an officer of my staff. I trust you will explain your meaning.

Agnes. I have said treason, but it is not treason to the State; it is treason to a trusting woman, and— (*Aside.*) Oh, what am I about to do. Plunge Madge into deeper shame before the eyes of all here? No. He does not know my true name—I will try that, and save us both.

Gen. Kerr. Proceed.

Agnes. I commit to you, Captain Spence, to ask General Kerr if he will favor your union with Agnes Murray, daughter of the proscribed Earl of Strathroy.

Mar. (*Aside.*) She has betrayed us. Oh, Agnes, how could you do it, how could you do it?

Gen. Kerr. The daughter of Strathroy! Then, this lady is the wife of Oliphant Elvanlee?

Agnes. Oh, what have I done? I have ruined you, Madge, I have ruined you.

Gen. Kerr. No, by Heaven, I will never sanction such an union. But there must be some mistake here. Speak, Madam, is it true that you are the Lady of Elvanlee?

Mar. It is true.

Gen. Kerr. (*Aside.*) Strathroy's presence here is at length explained. The proscribed father seeks refuge beneath a sorrow-stricken daughter's roof. I pity her, from my heart, I pity her, but I must do my duty.

(Enter STRANG hurriedly, L 1 E.)

Col. Strang (To MARGARET.) Be calm. I have come to save your father. He has been betrayed; but trust me—I will hazard everything for your sake. (To KERR.) I have been seeking you, General, with the strangest tidings.

Gen. Kerr. Strange tidings! You are too late, sir, if you meant to surprise me. Nothing can astonish me more than what I have heard within the last minute. Doff your hat, sir, and salute the Lady of Elvanlee, and the daughters of the rebel Strathroy. (*Strang starts, astonished.*)

Spence. The fault is not theirs, General, that Strathroy still clings to the man he recognizes as king. It is not their fault that Oliphant betrayed the high trust reposed in him. You will not, sir, you cannot destroy my happiness for a single prejudice.

Gen. Kerr. The prejudice of a nation, sir, must be respected. Your happiness! Speak to me of your *honor* and I will answer you.

Spence. My honor is involved in the pledge I have given this lady.

Gen. Kerr. Enough, sir; so long as you claim my friendship, do not speak to me of this engagement.

Spence. (To AGNES.) Are you satisfied with what you have done?

Agnes. You are free—what more do you want?

(AGNES exit into house.)

Gen. Kerr. It is well you are parted. You cannot relieve yourself too soon of a family of traitors.

Mar. This is enough of insult, General Kerr. Respect a woman's position. I would not have asked your respect, had this hand been fit to use a sword.

Gen. Kerr. I mean no insult, Madam, and of course I expect you to defend Oliphant.

Mar. I do not defend him. I declare him innocent; he was no traitor.

Gen. Kerr. You cannot say otherwise.

Mar. I say it, because I know the truth; and, before the Great Judge of all, his honor will weigh in the balance even with your own, General Kerr.

Gen. Kerr. I should be sorry to disturb your convictions, Madame, but, if he was innocent, who was guilty? (MARGARET bows her head.) You are silent. Good. Silence is a prudent answer to unpleasant questions.

(FAIRLIE and COUPLAND enter at back, R. COUPLAND endeavours to tear himself away, and rush to MARGARET; but DR. FAIRLIE restrains him. They stand back of the tree. KERR moves towards house.)

Col. Strang. I must crave your hearing, General, for a few minutes; I have something to say which I trust will restore this unfortunate lady to your esteem.

Gen. Kerr. My esteem, sir, she has not lost; but I must pity her the more.

Col. Strang. You will give her something more than pity when you have heard me. Lift up your head, Madam; there is no shame in any act of yours to bow it down. You cannot doubt, General, that I hate Oliphant and Strathroy as thoroughly as any honest man should; but, at the same time, I admire the courage of this lady, and her devotion to our cause.

Gen. Kerr. To our cause?

Col. Strang. I have said to our cause, and I will prove to you, General, that she belongs to us, for to-morrow, I, Colonel Henry Strang—whose fealty to the government no one will dare to question—I will marry the widow of Oliphant of Elvanlee.

Dr. Fair. (*Aside.*) Good Heavens! what is the meaning of that?

Coup. (*To FAIRLIE*) What—what is it he says?

Gen. Kerr. How! You are to marry her!

Col. Strang. That is the honor in store for me.

Gen. Kerr. I regret I cannot congratulate you, Colonel Strang.

Coup. (*Grasping FAIRLIE'S arm.*) She does not say he lies?

Dr. Fair. For the Lord's sake, man, bide here a minute till I find out what this means. (*Advancing to MARGARET.*) I don't think you heard what was said, Madam. It can't be possible that you have agreed to accept the Colonel.

Mar. I have heard—it is true.

Coup. (*Aside.*) She owns it—she confesses it.

Col. Strang. And why not, Doctor, since she has worn widow's weeds almost a year.

Dr. Fair. Widow's nonsense, sir. She is no—Eh? (*taking snuff*.) ay, why not? She told me she'd never surrender her liberty to man again, and I believed her, or else you might have had a rival in me, sir. But it is quite possible that she should change her mind. You are a sly rascal, Colonel, and widow's weeds are—weeds. (*Flourishing handkerchief.*)

Coup. (*Advancing, and stepping between MARGARET and STRANG.*) Everything is possible to the faithless—is it not?

Mar. (*Aside*) Great Heaven! Malcolm here!

Coup. Your husband is dead, then—Is he not? He is dead, and there is no other who has a claim upon your fidelity.

Mar. (*Aside.*) Oh! merciful Father fill his heart with faith. Let him look into my face and recognize my agony! Let him look into my eyes and read there the truth of my love!

Col. Strang. Who is this man?

Coup. (*Turning to him.*) Sergeant Coupland is the man, at your service, Colonel.

Gen. Kerr. Where is your pass, sir.

Coup. I have none, General.

Gen. Kerr. Do you know to what penalty you have exposed yourself by leaving your post?

Coup. Yes, General, I have considered all. I have considered the hazards of my position—and accepted them.

Gen. Kerr. Are you mad, sir, or drunk?

Coup. Mad, perhaps, your Excellency, but not drunk. If General Kerr pleases to remember the faithful services and hitherto good conduct of his follower, he will probably pardon the offence. But if he desires to present to his army a severe example of the penalty of insubordination, he will cause him to be shot or hung before the day is out. In either case, General, I shall endeavor to prove myself a worthy follower of the brave commander I have served.

Gen. Kerr. Retire, sir, retire; we will consider your offence another time.

Coup. One instant, General. I have asked this lady a question. She knows I have the right to demand the answer—and I wait for it.

Col. Strang. By what right, insolent scoundrel, do you dare to question this lady?

Coup. Your answer, Madam.

Col. Strang. By Heaven! if you disobey another instant, I'll have you whipped from the place like a disobedient cur.

Coup. Your answer. (*Strang grasps him.*)

Gen. Kerr. (*Interfering.*) You forget, Sergeant Coupland, it is Colonel Strang who speaks. You forget—

Coup. Pardon me, your Excellency, I forget nothing. You do not understand how I am placed; by and by I will explain, and you will pity or shoot me, I do not care which.

Gen. Kerr. Be wise, and retire.

Coup. Not yet, your Excellency. I am obstinate—you will excuse if you do not pardon me, when you know why. You think me insolent for daring to intrude on the attention of this brave lady; but ladies of higher place have stooped before, and humbler men than I have dared to love them. That is not all—bid her tell the rest. See how dumb she is—challenge her to speak—see how she trembles—charge her to say why—see how pallid is her cheek.—Oh, Heaven, command her to declare the truth—that if false to me she is a perjured and dishonored woman.

Mar. Oh! must I bear all this! I must be silent. It is for his sake.

Col. Strang. (*Aside.*) Decidedly I will have this fellow shot. Answer the fool, Madam, and let him go.

Coup. Ay, answer the fool, Madam, and let him go.

Mar. (*With an effort.*) You have mistaken your position and mine, sir. What answer can I give to the effrontery which dares to charge me with perjury and dishonor?

Coup. Tell this man, then, that he was mistaken—that you *cannot* be his wife.

Mar. What answer can I give to this madness, sir?

Coup. Madness!

Mar. I do not know you, sir.

Coup. Margaret?

Mar. I do not know you. I can only surmise that you are some weak creature, who has neither courage nor faith.

Coup. Not know me? Oh, then I will probe your memory to the quick; for here, in the presence of General Kerr, I do deliver—(*Aside.*) What am I about to do? Murder myself and leave them free to laugh at my fate?—No, I'll bide my time—I'll plot and scheme

till I wreak on them retaliation for this perfidy. You have heard her sirs; you laugh at me, and you do not shudder at her infamy. Oh, but I am only a petty soldier, a thing to carry a gun, to shoot down the foes of my country and be shot in return. But she is a *lady*, and has only amused her leisure hours with my misery. You are right—it is a subject for sport. I am a fool, and ought to have known the treachery and falsehood of women. (*Laughing hoarsely.*) Why, I laugh at my own folly, now I have grown wiser by your instruction.

Dr. Fair. (*In a low tone.*) Coupland, for the Lord's sake, remember.

Coup. Oh, I remember—Margaret—save me—save me from myself—from this demon that has got possession of me. Speak only one word—say this man lies—I will believe you, though your acts, your life, and all the world should conspire to prove you false. (*As MARGARET is about to speak, STRANG separates them.*) You do not answer—you—oh, woman! I curse you! curse you! and I hate you!

Mar. (*Aside.*) And I love you. (*Her head falls, and COUPLAND hastens to her, but FAIRLIE stops him.*)

Col. Strang. You have heard this man, General, with more patience than most men. You have heard his insults, you have heard her answer. You cannot doubt her word.

Gen. Kerr. The man risks too much to speak entirely without warrant.

Col. Strang. He is a deserter, your Excellency, and a deserter from a post on which the whole success of last night's movements may depend. So pardon me, if I think his Grace of Cumberland might consider such clemency a dangerous foe to the discipline of your forces.

Gen. Kerr. (*Lifting his hat.*) I am your debtor, Colonel Strang, for this reminder of my duty. Pronounce judgment against the man yourself. You have served his Grace longer, and better than I.

Col. Strang. I dare not do that in the presence of my superior, and besides my indignation against the knave unfits me to be his judge. But I do ask your permission to remove this lady in doors, or remove this ruffian instantly.

Gen. Kerr. (*To SPENCE.*) Conduct Sergeant Coupland to the camp. I will accept his parole that he will not leave his quarters till I examine his case.

Dr. Fair. (*To COUPLAND.*) Don't stand there like a fool. There never was a man had such a narrow escape, and never was one who knows so little how to profit by it. Come away.

Coup. I have heard. Move on, sir, I will follow you.

(*Exeunt SPENCE, COUPLAND, and FAIRLIE, L. 1 E.*)

Gen. Kerr. Now, sir, since the man has been removed, I must ask you to conduct this lady and her sister to our head-quarters.

Col. Strang. You do not mean, General, that you are to arrest two ladies under my protection?

Gen. Kerr. Whether they become prisoners or not will depend upon after events. (*Exeunt STRANG and MARGARET, L. 1 E.*)

Gen. Kerr. (*Solus.*) Now, that they are gone, for Strathroy. I could not arrest him in their presence, for he will fight to the death.

(Enter FAIRLIE, L. 1 E.)

Dr. Fair. You will save him if you can, General? On my soul!—since I have come to the point, I am sorry I told you.

Gen. Kerr. Console yourself, Dr. Fairlie, you have saved the lives of thousands.

Dr. Fair. Yes; but the thousands won't thank me for it. And, confound it, sir, d——n the word I would have said, had I not hoped to have saved his neck at the last moment. Will you help me?

Gen. Kerr. Help you, in what way?

Dr. Fair. By allowing me to dispatch a messenger to President Forbes.

Gen. Kerr. Assuredly. But remember, the Duke controls everything.

Dr. Fair. I understand; but I will try Forbes against him at any rate. Give me a pass; the man Johnstone will be my courier.

Gen. Kerr. Come with me, then, and I will give you the pass.

(*Exeunt*, L. 1 E.)

(*Enter STRATHROY from House, enveloped in a cloak. He walks cautiously around the stage, and is proceeding towards the back, when GENERAL KERR confronts him*, L. 3 E.)

Strath. What's your will with me? Ye canna mean to harm an auld man like me, that might be your granny.

Gen. Kerr. The mask is well played, my Lord, but I was prepared for it. Lewis Murray, Earl of Strathroy, I arrest you for high treason, in the name of King George. (*KERR draws his pistol. STRATHROY throws off his disguise, and draws his.*)

Strath. For two minutes, General Kerr, we are man to man. We are equally armed, and before your men can reach us, one of us will be dead. Before we try which it will be, I ask you to give me a fair start of your blood-hounds, and so save for George of Hanover, his worthiest General. (*Squad of SOLDIERS heard advancing.*)

Gen. Kerr. (*Levelling his pistol.*) My life is devoted to the service of the country.

Strath. (*Taking aim.*) And mine is for the king. I have offered terms——

Gen. Kerr. And I have answered.

Strath. So be it; at least let us fire together. Count three with me. (*They count "one"——"two"——a musket shot is heard. Dropping his right arm to his side,*) Treachery! (*SOLDIERS rush upon him, from L. 2 E. He fires, one falls, but before he can raise his pistol, they surround and bind him.*)

TABLEAU.—CURTAIN.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Hall in Quarters of GEN'L KERR. In C. F. a large window looking out on terrace, and over it is a gallery running the breadth of the stage. On the gallery are three windows; steps ascend to it, L. C. All the windows are heavily curtained, and the room is well furnished. Writing materials, and a case containing a pair of pistols are on the table. KERR is seated at table, R., and FAIRLIE stands beside him.*

Dr. Fair. How long since you received the Duke's dispatch?

Gen. Kerr. About half an hour, and measures are now being taken to put them into execution.

Dr. Fair. You are resolved, then, that the execution is to take place in the morning?

Gen. Kerr. I have no alternative. My instructions are explicit—to give him no quarter, if he refused to deliver up all who were involved with him in the conspiracy. He has refused—as I knew he would; and, if he lives till to-morrow, Cumberland's instructions must be obeyed.

Dr. Fair. I hope he wont live, then. I believe, if there were time allowed for a petition, we might save his head, in spite of all he has done.

Gen. Kerr. I would join you in the petition willingly, for he was a brave soldier. But think of something else—how is her Ladyship?

Dr. Fair. The capture of her father has sorely affected her, and I do not know how to tell her that the sentence has been so speedily pronounced.

Gen. Kerr. She has guessed it already, I dare say; so you need not trouble yourself. What of her sister?

Dr. Fair. Poor child, she can hardly move or speak. She blames herself for it all, on account of the foolish pet in which she revealed herself to you. There is no medium with a woman, sir—it is either all right or all wrong with her—I love you or I hate you.

Gen. Kerr. She was ignorant, then, that the rebel was in the house?

Dr. Fair. She was ignorant of every thing. Lady Oliphant kept the secret and the sorrow to herself.

Gen. Kerr. She is a brave woman! I admire her courage and devotion, and I wish I could help her. But we must strike promptly, for an attempt to rescue Strathroy is on foot. We have doubled the guard, and every soldier has been instructed, on peril of his life, to let no one pass without a written order, and to shoot any one that may be seen prowling about the place. *(A disturbance is heard outside. The door is pushed open, and MARGARET enters with GUARD, L. 2 E., who attempts to keep her back.)*

Mar. I must see the General.

Gen. Kerr. Admit her.

(Exit GUARD, L. 2 E.)

Dr. Fair. *(Aside.)* She knows the worst.

Mar. Forgive me, sir, for forcing my way to you—I know my visit is untimely, and that I have come to ask you what you may not

have in your power to grant. But, in despair, we clutch at the feeblest rays of light, and try to cheat ourselves by fancying it is not dark. They tell me that—that my father is to die to-morrow.

Gen. Kerr. Such are the Duke's commands.

Mar. But I have come to you, sir, to beg a few days respite, until we can communicate with friends who may have influence with the Government.

Gen. Kerr. I grieve to say, Madam, that it is impossible for me to delay.

Mar. (*Falling on her knees, and grasping one of his hands.*) Mercy! General, mercy! It is only a few days I am begging. I know that he is guilty in your eyes. (*Proudly.*) I do not try to exculpate him. It is only *mercy* I am suing for, and I dare not speak of *justice*. Ah, sir! your hair is white, like my father's, and your heart is kind. You too might have had a daughter like me. Think of her placed as I am, and say what should be the answer of the man to whom she knelt, as I to you?

Gen. Kerr. (*Turning away his head.*) Rise, Madam, rise.

Mar. I will not till you have answered me. It is only a little boon I crave, only a few days of life to one, who is no criminal further than being too faithful to an unfortunate king. You are strong—you will be merciful. Stretch your authority a little way, and give me time to plead his cause before the stern judges who have condemned him unheard.

Gen. Kerr. If honor permitted me to stretch the limit of duty, trust me, Madam, it should be done for your sake. I pity you—I respect him—but what you ask I dare not grant.

Mar. (*Clasping her hands, and letting her head fall upon her breast.*) Then, Heaven receive his soul, and pardon those who doom him!

Gen. Kerr. Try to comfort her, Fairlie. I have never found duty so hard to fulfil as mine to-night. (*Exit, R. 2 E.*)

Dr. Fair. (*Aside.*) Comfort her? Time must do that—he is the only comforter of despair. There is only one prescription for her ailment—accept the inevitable and look to the possible. (*To MARGARET.*) Rouse yourself, my poor child. Before morning your father will be beyond the influence of prayers or tears. He has been too seriously wounded to survive the night. Rouse yourself, then; leave him to the unfailing mercy of Heaven, and think of your own affairs—(*whispering*) of Oliphant.

Mar. (*Rising to her feet.*) Thank you—good, true friend. You, for one, never doubted me.

Dr. Fair. I will doubt instantly, unless you show yourself worthy of my confidence, by becoming calm and steady to face the dangers that environ you. You once told me that every woman was a hero, and, upon my soul! there never was a woman who had so fair a chance to prove herself one, as you have to-night.

Mar. I will obey you, sir. I wipe away my tears—I have done with them. I think of my father as already beyond the reach of mortal pain. The dead need none of our care, none of our sorrow—it is the living who need all. Show me what is to be done, and you will find me calm and subtle as the foes we have to cope with.

Dr. Fair. St. Andrew and Æsculapius be my witnesses! I begin to think your boast, spoken in jest, sober earnest. Have you told Aggie that Oliphant lives?

Mar. Yes, when it was too late. Oh! Doctor, had I but told her at first, what a world of woe would we have been spared.

Dr. Fair. True! true! but don't think of that. Listen; there is a person much to be feared on your husband's account, a foe treacherous and unscrupulous—Colonel Strang. He already more than suspects the real character of Sergeant Coupland, and has issued orders for his arrest on a charge of treason. If Oliphant does not escape before midnight, he will be a prisoner before morning.

Mar. I am not unprepared for this. I have every thing in readiness for our flight. He will be here presently, and we will escape together. I have written him to meet me here.

Dr. Fair. (*Starting.*) Oliphant coming here! Æsculapius! again bear witness—I think fate itself is against us. He will be shot—Oliphant, I mean—shot before he gains entrance, or, if he do get in, he will be shot afterwards, and that is much the same thing.

Mar. (*Excitedly.*) I will go and meet him.

Dr. Fair. You can't. Strathroy is here, and you will not be permitted to pass. I dare not leave the General, and I have sent Johnstone post-haste to Edinburgh. What, in the name of all the Saints in the calendar of medicine, shall I do?

Mar. (*Quickly.*) There is one friend you have forgotten. Captain Spence will help us.

Dr. Fair. That's the man! Your head is clearer than mine, after all. I shall end my admiration of you by marrying somebody. The Captain will go, and he shall take two or three men with him, so that he may use force, if necessary, to compel Oliphant to abandon his mad purpose of seeing you to-night. Courage! Madam, courage! and hope still.

(*Exit, L. 2 E.*)

Mar. (*Solus.*) Oh! my God! when the heart is bursting, how hard it is to say "Thy will be done." What a sad fate is mine! My father within this house—perhaps within the sound of my voice—dying, or living to perish under a traitor's doom. A few steps will carry me to his prison, and yet I dare not go to him to pray with him—to comfort his last moments with a daughter's love. My poor father! My poor father! Oh! forgive me whatever wrong I have done you, whatever pain I have caused you. But I must think of the living. Malcolm is to be saved. Will Dr. Fairlie be in time to intercept him? If he should fail to find Captain Spence, or, worst of all, suppose Colonel Strang should find me here and detain me, Malcolm's escape would be impossible. How can I prevent that? There is but one way. (*Sitting at table, and taking pen.*) I will write to Colonel Strang, and make an appointment to meet him here to-morrow at eight. That is remote enough to afford time for escape. (*Writes.*) "My dear Colonel Strang"—(*Pauses.*) What! must I write a love letter to him! The man I loathe! No! I cannot do it. (*Throws down pen.*)

Sent. (*Outside.*) Who goes there?

Mar. Merciful Powers! it cannot be Malcolm!

Sent. (*Outside.*) Stand, in the king's name. (*Sounds of musketry and tramping of feet, &c.*)

Mar. (*Throwing back curtain, and letting a flood of moonlight into the room.*) Heavens! there is a man running, and soldiers in pursuit. It is Malcolm! and they will kill him! kill him there before my eyes! God—save him! Is there no escape—no help? Great God! they are gaining on him. (*Seizing one of the pistols on table.*) I can bear no more—they shall not kill him! (*Fires the pistol, then staggers, falls and faints.* COUPLAND passes quickly, L. to R., in background, and conceals himself in the shadow of the house. STRATHROY leaps through the window quickly, although he is very weak. He does not perceive MARGARET.)

Strath. Aha! treacherous devils as you are, weak, ay, and dying as I am, I'll outwit you yet. But I must have strength, even if it be to crawl to some kennel, and there breathe my last. My very life's blood seems to be oozing from my wound. What is this? a stairway to the gallery? I'll make that a hiding-place until escape is possible. Courage! Strathroy, courage! There is work yet to be done—work yet to be done. (*Goes up stairs and secretes himself behind heavy curtains, just as RYAN, HODGE and four SOLDIERS enter, with much noise, through window.*)

Ryan. Are ye sure ye saw him come this way?

Hodge. Didn't ye see him yourself?

Ryan. How could I, when that bullet whistled through my sleeve and nearly kilt me, and blinded me entirely?

Hodge. Do you keep your eyes in your cuff? I tell you I saw him run in at that window there, and there's an open door. He's off that way—after me, two of you.

(*Exeunt HODGE and two SOLDIERS, R. 3 E.*)

Ryan. The rest of ye see where these doors lead to, and I'll keep guard here, (*Exeunt SOLDIERS, R. and L.*)

(*Stumbling over pistol.*) What's that, now? A pistol, and warm too? (*Examining it.*) Bedad! this is the thing that nearly settled Sergeant Ryan's affairs. There are traitors here, then, anyhow, and—(*Perceiving MARGARET.*) Murther of Moses!—a woman in a faint. Poor creature, she's been frightend out of her seven senses. (*Raises MARGARET.*)

Mar. (*Faintly.*) Is he dead?

Ryan. No, Ma'am, there's nobody dead yet, but there will be, by and by.

Mar. (*Regarding him.*) Ah, it is you! You are his friend—you will save him!

Ryan. Is it me ye ax to save the ugly gossoon? He's here, then, up there maybe? (*Pointing to gallery.*) I'll show ye how I'll save him. (*Moves towards gallery.*)

Mar. (*Springing after him.*) It was Coupland. There was no treason in his purpose. He came here to—to see me.

Ryan. (*Scratching his head.*) That's it, is it? Coupland hisself, and on a tryst with ye? Oh, begorra! I've been spoiling honest sport. Bad luck to him, why couldn't he stop and tell me. Hold a bit—I've seen you before, Ma'am. In the camp, wasn't it?

Mar. Yes, yes; you will save him?

Ryan. Make your mind aisy, Ma'am; I'll do my best for ye both. (*Taking the other pistol.*)

Mar. Thanks, thanks. But what are you doing?

Ryan. It's all right, Ma'am—be aisy, and stand behind this curtain. (*MARGARET obeys him.*)

Mar. But that will bring back your men.

Ryan. It's that same I mean, Ma'am. (*RYAN goes to window and fires; HODGE and SOLDIERS rush into room.*)

Hodge. Have you seen him?

Ryan. Sure enough, he's just gone by, running for the wall, and I fired at him.

Hodge. And missed—as usual.

Ryan. Bad luck to it! Ye can't always hit the mark yourself. After him, now, and don't stand palavering.

Hodge. Come on, lads. If I only set my eyes on him, he won't get off so easy. (*Exeunt HODGE and SOLDIERS, through window.*)

Ryan. Ye can come out, Ma'am.

Mar. (*Coming out.*) You have been a true friend to me and a true comrade to Coupland, and, if I live, you shall have proof of my gratitude.

Ryan. All right, Ma'am, ye can see him in safety now. The boys won't be back for an hour anyhow. I am going to give them a walk for the good of their health. (*Exit through window.*)

Mar. Malcolm—(*louder,*) Malcolm. (*COUPLAND advances from shadow of house, and approaches window.*) In—in! (*She closes windows and curtains. COUPLAND'S clothes are disarranged, and he wears no hat. He seats himself in a chair, and seems exhausted.*) This is a bitter meeting, Malcolm, and yet I am so full of joy at the escape you have just made, that I do not know whether to laugh or tremble most, at your coming.

Coup. (*Huski'y.*) You requested me to attend you here, Madam. I have come, and I await the explanation which I presume you intend to give me. Doubtless it will transform the cruellest treachery into the most loyal devotion.

Mar. (*Bewildered.*) Is that a taunt or a jest? No matter, I have not time to answer it just now, for you must not stay here a moment longer than to say good-bye.

Coup. (*Playing with the letter she had commenced.*) Is that all?

Mar. When I sent for you I did not know orders had been given for your arrest; and that, in asking you to come to this place, I was, in my blindness, drawing you towards the destruction of all my plans for your safety.

Coup. Are you sure of that?

Mar. How could I have known, and sent for you? As soon as I discovered the danger, I dispatched a faithful friend to meet you and prevent your coming.

Coup. It was by your direction, then, that Captain Spence and his men attempted to arrest me?

Mar. It was by my direction that they attempted to prevent your approaching the General's quarters.

Coup. (*Sarcastically.*) I thought as much; but you see I have eluded them, but only to be pressed by Ryan and his squad. But twice I gave them the slip; once they hunted me out of my hiding place; the second time I succeeded, and, instead of me, they set out

in pursuit of some poor devil, perhaps, on as fruitless an errand as I am. But, continue. Your explanation promises to be interesting.

Mar. That is a taunt. Can it be that you do not understand my position yet? Can it be that throughout the hours which have passed since morning—weary hours of anguish and suspense to me—no memory of the past has roused you to a sense of the wrong you do me? Are you still blind?

Coup. No, by Heaven! my eyes are opened wide at last, and I see you as you are—a false wife and a perjured woman.

Mar. Oh, Malcolm, you deprive me of what little courage yet remains to me.

Coup. What courage? Is it courage to betray me that fails you?

Mar. (*Angrily*) Dare you say that?

Coup. I dare repeat it. Is it courage to betray me that you fear to lose? (*Margaret is about to speak.*) Peace, woman! your quivering lips proclaim the lie you would utter. When you bade me come here to learn the truth of all that seemed so strange to me, I shuddered at the thought of the cruel wrong I had done you.

Mar. Think of that now. If you have ever loved me—

Coup. Loved you? Great Heavens! How I loved you! So well, that I was content to be befooled by your shallow artifices; so well, that I was content to believe anything—to deny the testimony of my own eyes—my own ears—ay, of reason itself, rather than believe you false. And you knew that; you calculated that my love would be your best ally in cheating me. I came here reckless of life, reckless of the pledge I gave the General not to quit the camp—I came to find your rendezvous a trap to insure my capture and death—I came to find that, at the moment you thought my fate was sealed, you were writing a love letter to your accomplice, Strang. (*Shows her the letter.*)

Mar. Oh, Heaven forgive you!

Coup. What was to follow this pretty introduction? Shall I fill up the blank which my inopportune arrival made in this tender billet? This is no doubt what you were to write. “My dear Colonel Strang, every obstacle to our union being removed by the execution of the impertinent person you had the misfortune to encounter this morning, the ceremony may proceed without delay.” Is not that the proposed continuation? Sit down, Madam, sit down and finish this letter. Pray do not allow my presence to interrupt you.

Mar. And you can think these cruel thoughts of me?

Coup. Thoughts, Madam! They are not thoughts—but acts. Oh, if there were any doubt on which to rest a hope, my love would now quickly seize it, and magnify it to a mountain's bulk. But there are no doubts—there are no doubts. A moment ago some one fired a shot from the window.—Was it intended for me or my pursuers?

Mar. Merciful Powers!

Coup. Be silent, for I read your sin in every look. Oh! woman, your guilt stands out so clear before me that I scorn myself for loving you. (*Tears paper to pieces.*)

Mar. This is the hardest blow of all. But you suffer—Yes, you must be suffering bitterly, and—I pity you! Think of me as you will, but at least secure your own safety. Go now. You can still escape by the garden. The Sergeant on guard is your friend, and will permit you to pass. In the ruins of the Cathedral you will find horses in readiness. Speed to the coast, and cross to Holland. Then you will at least believe I have not sought your life. Go without another word—stay another moment, and it will be too late.

Coup. I understand. You expect the valiant bridegroom here, and wish me out of the way. I am sorry my presence should be inconvenient. But why distress yourself? Colonel Strang will soon relieve you of my importunities. What have you to fear from me—I, who am dead? What right have I to be among the living? Do not trouble yourself, Madam. This ugly skeleton will soon return to its grave, and you shall be at peace, as the wife of Colonel Strang—if you can.

Mar. Have you no pity? You are killing me, Malcolm. (*Curtains are parted, and STRANG stands in the window. They do not perceive him.*)

Col. Strang. Why did not Strathroy wait the signal? The fool has escaped, for the cord is dangling from the window. But is he beyond pursuit? I cannot discover him anywhere unless he be hidden here. If he is clear, then I am safe. What is this? Mrs. Malcolm and that scoundrel from the camp? This time he shall not escape me.
(*Drops curtain, and exit.*)

Coup. I came to kill you; but I will not lift a hand against you. No, no, Madam, your marriage shall go forward. I am here to make you the first bridal gift—my life.

Mar. Oh, you are mad.

Coup. If you have any heart, I will wring it with agony. I will fasten my memory on you as a curse that will drag you downward until you shall find no hope in Heaven or on earth. My bridal gift shall be the memory of one who sacrificed honor, ambition—everything for your sake, and who died to save you from a crime. Farewell, Madam, I go now to surrender Malcolm Oliphant, your husband, to General Kerr. (*He goes towards door, R.*)

Mar. (*Stopping him.*) There is still time for escape. You shall not pass this way. (*Places herself in front of him.*)

Coup. Stand aside, you have made a mockery of my love, but you shall not balk my vengeance

Mar. Oh, I can bear no more. Have, then, your vengeance to the full; but first I shall have mine.

Coup. Yours?

Mar. Ay, mine! I will tear the hideous scales of jealousy from your eyes, and show you the truth—that will be my vengeance.

Coup. I shall welcome all the pain it will inflict?

Mar. You talk to me of your love—of your sufferings. Have you forgotten mine? I braved a father's curse, because I loved you.—I came with you to a land which held only the saddest memories for me, because I loved you.—I have overcome a woman's fears, Heaven help me! almost a woman's modesty,—I have risked reputation—everything a woman holds precious—submitted to a thousand humiliations of pride and self-respect—all because I loved you. I

have lived with a falsehood upon my name, and misery upon every hand; and all for you—for you, who come to me now, mad with suspicions that degrade you and dishonor me.—For you, whose ingratitude cuts more deeply to my heart than all the combined sorrows of my life! For you, whose ravings shame my love.

Coup. Can this be true?

Mar. If it were false, would I endure your reproaches, while every nerve quivers with indignation at the shame your frenzied brain has heaped upon me?

Coup. But this marriage with Strang—that letter?

Mar. All a trick to gain time for our escape.

Coup. Margaret! Margaret! the scales have, indeed, dropped from my eyes, and I see it all. Oh! stoop a little in your just wrath and pity me! pity me! if you cannot forgive me.

Mar. (*Embracing him, as STRANG enters from window.*) Oh, Malcolm, I pity you, because I know how you have suffered; and I forgive you, because I love you.

Coup. Forgiven!—My own Margaret!—I must live for your sake. Oh, what a miserable, blind fool I have been—and you forgive me? I will atone for it all yet—we shall escape together, and—

Mar. (*Perceiving STRANG.*) Hush! It is too late—Colonel Strang is here.

Col. Strang. (*Advancing.*) You are engaged, Madam, and I am sorry to interrupt you.

Mar. You are too considerate, sir. Have you come to seek me?

Col. Strang. I have come to serve you.

Mar. I am your debtor, sir!—In what manner?

Col. Strang. By my claiming the fulfilment of your promise. I shall not ask you for any explanation of what I have accidentally observed. Doubtless this fellow has forced himself into your presenee.

Mar. You are wrong, sir. He is here by my request.

Col. Strang. Madam, reserve your explanation. At this moment your peril is too imminent for me to listen to it. Your father has escaped.

Mar. Escaped! Thank Heaven!

Col. Strang. Your gratitude does honor to your filial affection, Madam, but it is treasonable.

Mar. He is my father. Is it a crime to rejoice that he has escaped from the merciless foes who would have murdered him?

Col. Strang. It is a crime to speak as you are doing. Be careful, I implore you. You are suspected of being an accomplice of the rebels, and your life will be the forfeit. You must go with me at once. (*COUPLAND makes a dash at him, but MARGARET restrains him.*) I have horses ready at the foot of the avenue, and to-morrow you will be in a place of safety with me.

Coup. (*Aside.*) And I must listen to this?

Mar. With you? I will not go.

Col. Strang. Will not? You forget to-morrow is our appointed marriage day. Come, Madam, be wise in time, and go with me at once.

Mar. I have deceived you, sir. And I already repent it. I never meant to fulfil the promise you wrung from me by threats which I was not strong enough to defy.

Col. Strang. If you remain, it will be to perish with the knave by your side. Choose, Madam, safety with me, or death with him.

Mar. (*Placing her hand in COUPLAND'S*) I have chosen—death with him.

Col. Strang. I understand you now. Your promise was a trick. My devotion and fidelity you have played with, and scorned. You shall learn presently what my hate can do. (*He moves towards window.*)

Coup. Stay, sir! You have dared to insult this lady, and, by Heaven! you shall answer for it to me.

Col. Strang. To you? By what right, sir?

Coup. You shall know my right. It is that of—

Mar. (*Clutching his arm.*) For my sake—not yet.

Coup. My right is that of—a friend. Will that satisfy you? It must. Now, Colonel Strang, will you do me the honor to descend to my level—you cannot lift me to yours—and try whether the sword cannot serve you.

Col. Strang. A duel?

Coup. Why not a duel? Are we not rivals, and there is no other way to arrange our difficulties.

Col. Strang. You are mistaken.

Coup. Colonel Strang, as an officer of the King, I salute your authority; as a man, I say you are a coward.

Col. Strang. Ruffian! (*Leveling his pistol.*)

Mar. (*Throws herself before COUPLAND.*) Me first! (*STRANG lowers his pistol.*)

Coup. When two men have to settle a dispute that involves life, a lady is out of place. Therefore retire, Madam, into that room. (*MARGARET goes into room, R.*) Now, sir, I wait your answer.

Col. Strang. I will kill you.

Coup. When—and where?

Col. Strang. Now—here. Are you ready?

Coup. I am ready. But I must first find a weapon.

(*Enter RYAN and HODGE through window.*)

Our friends here will perhaps supply us. The Colonel does me the honor to cross swords with me.

Ryan. Is it fight ye mane—in the General's own quarters? Sure its kilt and hung altogether we'll be for it.

Coup. The Colonel will see to your safety. It is his command, and you must obey your superior officer, Sergeant Ryan. Is it not so, Colonel?

Col. Strang. I am waiting.

Coup. You hear. He is generous.

Ryan. But what the divil is the row about?

Coup. About a lady whom the Colonel has insulted.

Ryan. Oh, bad luck to it, an Irishman always takes up for the ladies. God bless them. If it's a lady, sure we can't say no. Here's a sword, my boy, and now—fire away.

Coup. (*Taking sword.*) Now, Colonel Strang, I am at your service.

Col. Strang. (*Cooly sheathing his sword.*) I have changed my mind.

Coup. What!

Col. Strang. I will not fight with you, Sergeant Coupland, until you have shown me that the woman is worthy of the risk.

Coup. I appeal to you, comrades. Is not that the coward's excuse—are not these the words of a scoundrel who slanders a helpless woman, and fears to answer for his villany?

Col. Strang. I appeal to these men, also. Look you, lads, am I not acting fairly by this fool? While this lady is under a promise of marriage to me, she coquettes with Captain Spence, and turns the head of this poor fellow, Coupland, by her deceit.

Coup. It is a lie, comrades. It's a lie.

Col. Strang. Prove to me that it is false, and my sword shall answer for the slander.

(*Enter MARGARET, R.*)

Coup. I'll prove her honest even to your foul mind, Colonel Strang. (*Taking her by the hand.*) Listen, comrades, Captain Spence is the lady's friend, and I will bear witness to the honesty of her friendship—I, *her husband!* *Malcolm Oliphant, of Elvanlee.*

Col. Strang. I knew I had heard that voice before. It is for this I have been waiting. (*Moves towards window.*)

Mar. (*Stopping him.*) Villain! You drove him to this; but you have not triumphed yet. Away! Malcolm, away! and I will keep the fiend back.

Col. Strang. (*Wrestling with MARGARET.*) Arrest him, there! (*RYAN and HODGE make no effort to arrest him, and, as he rushes toward window, a file of SOLDIERS present themselves, with muskets leveled, and, immediately, SOLDIERS rush in from all the doors.*)

Sir Mal. Trapped! betrayed! Escape is impossible!

Mar. We are lost, Malcolm, but lost together. They cannot separate us now.

(*Enter KERR and SPENCE, R. 2 E.*)

Col. Strang. (*Looks on with malicious triumph.*) You once felt my love, Margaret Oliphant; you shall now feel my hate. (*To KERR.*) General Kerr, behold in our arrest, the Pretender's spy, Sir Malcolm Oliphant, of Elvanlee.

Gen. Kerr. Is it true, sir?

Sir Mal. I am Oliphant, of Elvanlee, your Excellency, but no rebel. I have been, and am a faithful subject of King George of Hanover.

Gen. Kerr. That is well, sir. I am glad that you have learned to recognize the authority which rules this country.

Sir Mal. Pardon, General, the authority that rules this country, I have never doubted or questioned.

Gen. Kerr. Since that is so, your falsehood to the trust you bore becomes the blacker.

Sir Mal. You speak harshly, General, cruelly, when your words strike at one who is powerless to defend himself. I am no traitor.

Gen. Kerr. Give me proof of your innocence, then, and I, who am about to hand you over to death, will become your friend and advocate.

Sir Mal. To defend the truth of Oliphant, you have before you Sergeant Coupland.

Gen. Kerr. The fact that you are Sergeant Coupland, is rather perilous to the cause of Oliphant, remembering the crime for which he was condemned.

Sir Mal. That may be, your Excellency; it is so, in appearance, but not in truth. I was judged and condemned by men who were too eager to win partisans, by making a terrible example of their political opponents, to weigh, with much nicety, the evidence in the case.

Gen. Kerr. It is the custom of criminals to exclaim against the wisdom of their judges.

Sir Mal. I do not exclaim against their wisdom. I only say they were deceived. I protested, and they would not hear me. There were some things in my favor—for instance, on the discovery of the loss of the dispatches, I wrote letters to Colonel Gardiner and President Forbes, telling them all. A traitor would not have done that. Those letters did not reach their destination, and their existence was denied on the trial. Ask Colonel Strang what became of those letters. They were placed in his hands in Elvanlee, and it was upon the information contained in them that he arrested me.

Gen. Kerr. (*Gravely.*) Colonel Strang could have had no reason for suppressing them.

Sir Mal. He had a good reason.

Gen. Kerr. Name it. (*MALCOLM hesitates.*)

Mar. I was the reason, General. I refused to marry him, and he revenged himself for it on my brother, whom he betrayed to death, and next upon my husband (*Excitedly.*)

Col. Strang. Wait, General, until you have heard what further absurd charges these unfortunate people will bring, against every one who strove to do his duty, at a moment of critical importance, to the government of his country. Then, sir, you will be able to estimate, at their proper value, any charges they may bring against me.

Gen. Kerr. You shall have an opportunity to answer for yourself, sir, when the time comes. (*To MALCOLM*) Proceed.

Sir Mal. I escaped the doom pronounced upon me, and I resolved to devote my life to the service in which I had been degraded, hoping, in that way, to win back honor and freedom. Does such conduct mark the traitor?

Col. Strang. (*To KERR.*) The service of which he boasts, conveniently enabled him to correspond with the rebels—he could not have taken a better resolve—for them.

Gen. Kerr. Patience, sir.

Sir Mal. More than once have you commended the services Sergeant Coupland has rendered your army. The badge he wears is proof of that. Often his blood has marked, on the field of battle, his loyalty to the cause. Ask his comrades, ask your enemies, if he has ever failed in his duty? Ask your own heart, sir, if the man who has had the honor to stand between *you* and death acted as a rebel, or could be the wretched creature we call a spy.

Gen. Kerr. (After a short pause.) Have you anything further to urge in your defense?

Sir Mal. Nothing, General.

Gen. Kerr. I am sorry for that, for it is not only the offence of the past that condemns you. Last night you deserted an important post; to-night you have broken your parole, and quitted the camp without leave. As a soldier, I ask you how is such a misdemeanor—a crime in times like these—to be pardoned?

Sir Mal. As a soldier, I answer that it is unpardonable. As a man, I say it is to be excused by the maddening position I have been placed in by the knavery of that man. (Pointing to STRANG.)

Gen. Kerr. It is as a soldier I must deal with you.

(Enter DR. FAIRLIE, leading AGNES, veiled, L. 2 E.)

Dr. Fair. Stay! General, before you shoot the man, I have one here who has a word to say in his behalf.

Gen. Kerr. Who is it?

Dr. Fair. Agnes Murray. (She raises her veil—all start.)

Agnes. (To MALCOLM.) It is all my fault that you are here, Malcolm. I know now the cruel wrong I have done you and Madge; but I was deceived by my own folly, and the lies of yonder wretch, Strang.

Sir Mal. My poor Aggie, we have all been deceived, and we pay the penalty. There! there! Look up. You are not to blame. Tell her so, Madge; at least give her comfort, if we can find none for ourselves.

Mar. (Embracing her.) I cannot speak, Aggie.

Agnes. Thank you, Madge, and you too, Malcolm. I have been most selfish and cruel, but I will try and make some amends. (To GEN. KERR, firmly.) Will it help Sir Malcolm Oliphant, if I can show you that he has been the victim of villainous slanders and persecution?

Gen. Kerr. It may.

Agnes. Then here is a letter which Dr. Fairlie has just obtained for me. Colonel Strang is the writer, and in it he denounces my brother as a spy, and as an agent of the Jacobite party. We always suspected that he had done this; but it is only now that we *know* that, while he pretended to be our best friend, he was, in truth, our bitterest enemy.

Gen. Kerr. Such services are necessary, sometimes.

Agnes. Ay, but it was rendered not because he was faithful to your cause, but because his vicious nature sought to destroy us, in revenge for my sister's refusal of his hand. He followed us with false protestations of friendship, and deceived my poor father with his hypocritical laments for the man whom he himself had delivered to the executioner. He cherished his hate, and resolved to ruin my sister in spite of herself, and, when he found her the wife of Malcolm, he endeavored to entrap him in the same snare which had killed my brother. We long suspected him, and now, thanks to good Dr. Fairlie, who, after months of search, discovered this letter

at the Secret Service Bureau, we are convinced. (*To SPENCE.*) Lawrence, can you forgive me?

Spence. (*Embracing her.*) Yes, Aggie, with all my heart.

Gen. Kerr. All this is possibly true enough, but unfortunately it does not benefit Sir Malcolm.

Agnes. It shows that he had an enemy—a base, skulking, treacherous enemy, who influenced the verdict which was obtained against him.

Gen. Kerr. Still, that does not prove him innocent.

Agnes. Oh, sir, he is innocent! I know it! I affirm it! I swear it! He has been silent. He has endured the unmerited stigma of treason to shield his wife, and she has been silent for our father's sake. But silence can no longer save him, and, though it wring my heart with shame, I will declare the truth. *It is Strathroy, my father, who is guilty, and not Malcolm. He came to Elvanlee, disguised, and stole the dispatches.*

Gen. Kerr. The proof of this.—Where is the proof?

Mar. Great Heavens! the packet. He said, "upon it depends Oliphant's safety, and mine, perhaps." (*Handing it to KERR.*) I do not know what the contents of this may be, but it was given to me by my father to preserve for him. In the event of his death, I was to give it to Colonel Strang. (*STRANG quickly extends his hand to take the packet. KERR pushes him back, and takes it himself.*) I deliver it to you instead, hoping it may establish my husband's innocence.

Gen. Kerr. (*Cutting cord, and opening packet.*) Letters? (*Reading one.*) "*To Lewis Murray, Earl of Strathroy. Important dispatches will be delivered to Sir Malcolm Oliphant, to-morrow, August 22d, detailing plan of campaign against the Pretender. Aware that your Lordship entertains no friendly feeling towards Oliphant, who has induced your daughter to forsake you, I would persuade your Lordship to undertake the task of obtaining them yourself.*" Dated August 21st, 1745, and signed Henry Strang. (*To RYAN.*) Let no one leave the room. What is this? A receipt for money, for services rendered Lewis Murray, Earl of Strathroy? And this? A letter accepting the Chevalier's promise of a title, in return for assistance to the Jacobite cause, which his position as Colonel would enable him to obtain. Colonel Strang, the contents of these letters seal your fate

Col. Strang. They are forgeries, to save a traitor from his doom. They cannot produce a single witness to prove their authenticity.

Strath. (*Appearing on gallery, very feeble.*) You are wrong, sir. There is one witness here.

Col. Strang. Strathroy! He did not escape! Fire upon him. (*SOLDIERS level guns.*)

Gen. Kerr. (*Quickly.*) Hold! (*They lower guns.*) I command here. (*SPENCE and FAIRLIE help STRATHROY down.*)

Col. Strang. Foiled at every turn—curse the woman! She has caused all my misery. To win her I jeopardized my fortune—and I have lost.

Strath. (*Sinking in a chair which RYAN places for him.*) Will you show me the letter that identifies the villain who betrayed my

son? (*KERR gives them to him, and he reads them.*) Do you think my word will weigh in balance against that of—yonder knave?

Gen. Kerr. Whatever you say shall receive consideration.

Strath. I am glad that so much favor can be extended me. My hate for all who bend beneath the yoke of Hanover has kept me silent hitherto. But now my own hour has come, and for my children's sake I speak. (*Kissing MADGE.*) Ay, Madge, the loyalty you have given to those you love has at last conquered me—who have been loyal only to my King.

Mar. My poor father!

Strath. The letters you received from my daughter were written by that man Strang. Do you want proof? Here it is. In the hope of recovering those papers, he aided me to escape from the chamber where you held me a prisoner. Do you want more proof? Then search him, and you will find one thousand *Louis d'ors*, paid him last night—one of the many payments made him for information as to the movements of your army. Are you satisfied?

Gen. Kerr. Yes. Captain Spence, search that man. (*SPENCE and two SOLDIERS seize him. He resists, but they hold him, while SPENCE draws a purse from his pocket.*) Yes. I am satisfied.

Strath. Then be satisfied of this, also. Sir Malcolm Oliphant is guiltless of all complicity with me even in thought. We have been at enmity because he refused to serve his lawful Master. He is to blame only for striving to shield from ignominy the name of one who has been too ungrateful and blind to his worth. (*Sinks in chair.*)

Gen. Kerr. The evidence is conclusive. To you, Sir Malcolm Oliphant, I, as the representative of his Grace of Cumberland, promise the return to you of the title and estates of Elvanlee.

Mar. (*Kneeling.*) Thank God! the dark night has past, and light breaks through at last.

Sir Mal. Colonel Strang, your sword. (*STRANG reluctantly gives it up, and MALCOLM presents it to KERR.*)

Strath. (*Rising, and rushing upon STRANG.*) And I have trafficked with you, with you, the assassin of my boy! Oh, give me a weapon that I may die avenging Frank! (*Lifts his arm as if about to strike, but it falls, and he sinks back in his chair.*) But I am too weak—too weak even for that.

Col. Strang. (*Harshly.*) General Kerr, this man is mad. As an officer of the Duke of Cumberland's staff, I demand the instant execution of the traitor Oliphant, and the removal of that poor wretch to the presence of his Grace, that I may have the opportunity to prove my honesty.

Dr. Fair. (*Leaning over STRATHROY.*) You are too late, sir, as regards Strathroy. He is summoned to a higher tribunal than that of his Grace of Cumberland.

Gen. Kerr. (*To RYAN.*) Conduct Colonel Strang to the room lately occupied by Strathroy.

Col. Strang. I trust, General Kerr, you will live to see me justified. I die a victim to my too great tenderness to a woman, who has given me to the scaffold that she might rescue one for whom she cares more. Well! life without her might have been so miserable, that I am almost content to die. Go on, sir, I will follow you.

(*Exeunt STRANG, RYAN, and two SOLDIERS, L. 2 E.*)

Dr. Fair. Lewis Murray, Earl of Strathroy, has fought his last battle. *He is dying.*

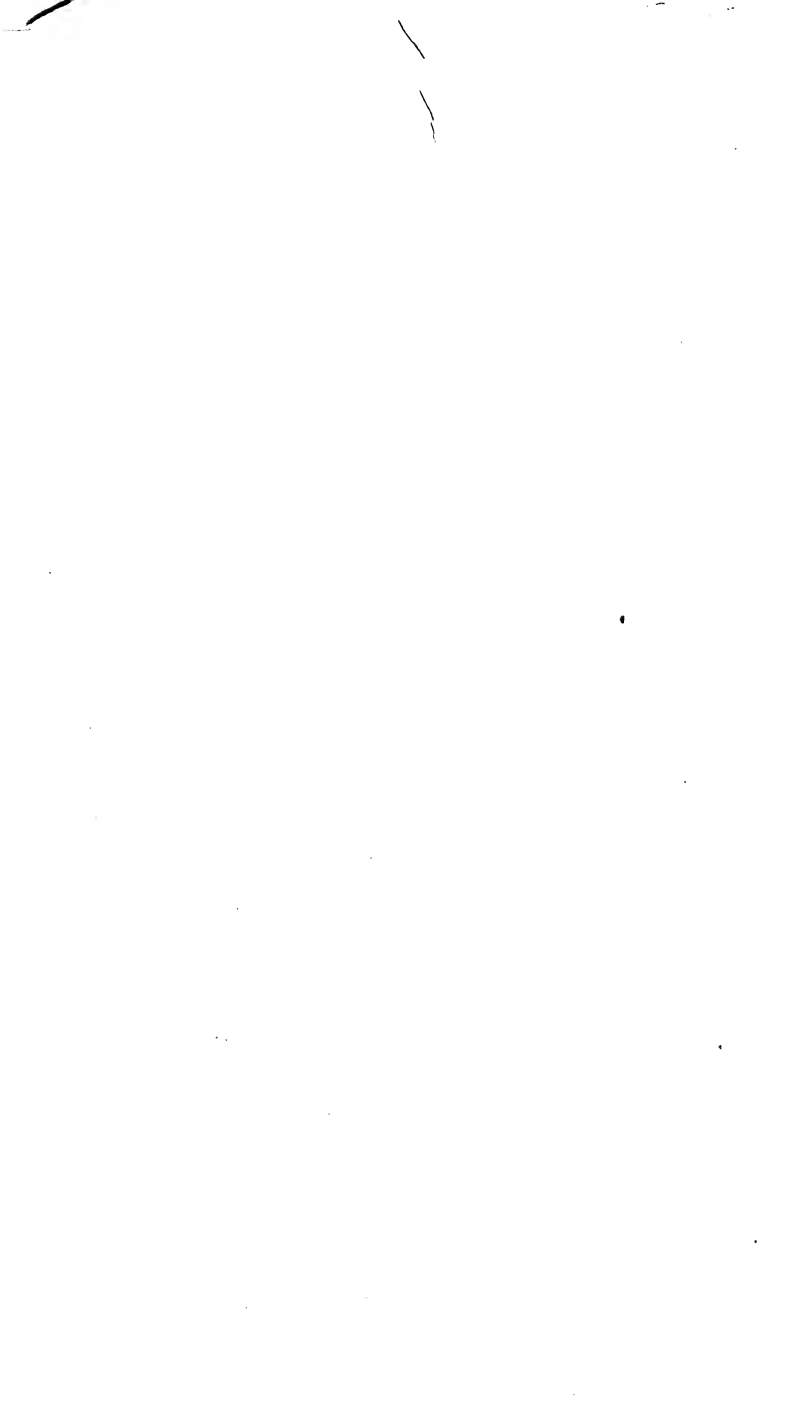
Agnes. Father! (*Throws herself down by his side, SPENCE kneeling with her. MARGARET and MALCOLM kneel on the other side, while other characters group around.*)

Strath. Dying! Ah! now I understand the dream that was so strange—the clansmen who will curse me for my treachery!—the hills that I shall never see again! No *coranach* will lull me to rest—no loyal hand will cast a stone upon my *cairn*—Yet I have tried to serve truly, my King. Oliphant? (*MALCOLM leans over him.*) You are pardoned. You cannot be condemned. Give me my pardon now.

Mal. You have it, from my soul.

Strath. Come nearer—and you too, Madge, come nearer. You, Oliphant, may one day see the Master. Tell him, that if the father's love made me falter once—only once—in my duty to him, it was not till every hope was gone, and my senses were darkened by the shadow of death! Tell the King that whether he was throneless, friendless or homeless, I was still his faithful servant. Tell him, that dying, my last prayer—my last words—uttered in the midst of his foes, were GOD SAVE THE KING. (*Dies.*)

TABLEAU.—CURTAIN.



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